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CANDID:

O R,

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All for the Best.

By M. DE VOLTAIRE.



LONDON:

Printed for J. Nourse at the *Lamb* opposite
Katherine-Street in the Strand.

MDCCLIX.

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CANDID

CANDID:

O R,

All for the Best.

CHAP. I.

*How Candid was brought up in a magnificent castle,
and how he was expelled from thence.*

IN a castle of Westphalia, belonging to the baron of Thunder-ten-tronck, lived a youth, whom nature had endued with the most gentle manners. His countenance was a true picture of his mind. He had a sound judgment, with great frankness and simplicity, which was the reason, I apprehend, of his being called *Candid*. The old servants of the family suspected him to have been the son of the

baron's sister, by a good honest gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom that young lady refused to marry, because he could produce no more than seventy-one quarterings in his arms, the rest having been lost through the injuries of time.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia; for his castle had not only a gate, but even windows, and his great hall was hung with tapestry. He used to go a hunting with his mastifs and spaniels, instead of hounds; his grooms were his huntsmen; and the country curate was his great almoner. They all called him, My Lord, and were sure to laugh whenever he was pleased to tell a story.

The baron's lady weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and upon that consideration was greatly revered; but she did the honours of the house with a dignity that commanded still greater respect. Her daughter Cunegund was seventeen years of age, fresh coloured, comely, plump, and desirable. The baron's son seemed to be a youth in every respect worthy of his father. Pangloss, the preceptor, was the oracle of the family; and little Candid gave ear to his instructions with all the simplicity becoming his age, and natural temper of mind.

Pangloss was professor of metaphysico-theologico-cosmologigology. He could prove most admirably, that there is no effect without a cause, and that in this world, the best of all possible worlds, the baron's

ron's castle was the most magnificent of castles, and his lady the best of baronesses that could possibly exist.

It is demonstrable, said he, that things cannot be otherwise than as they are: for all things having been created for some end, they must consequently be created for the best. Observe, that the nose is formed for spectacles, and therefore we come to wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, and therefore we come to wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles; therefore my lord has a magnificent castle: for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eat; therefore we eat pork all the year round; and they who assert, that every thing is right, do not express themselves correctly; they should say that every thing is for the best.

Candid listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that after the happiness of being baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, the next that of hearing the instructions of master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day that Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighbouring wood, which they called the park, looking through the bushes, she espied doctor

Pangloss giving a lecture of experimental philosophy on her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very pretty, and very docil. As miss Cunegund had a great disposition for the sciences, she observed with the utmost attention the experiments repeated before her eyes; she clearly perceived the force of the doctor's reasons, the causes, and effects; she turned back greatly flurried, quite pensive, and filled with the desire of knowledge; imagining that she might be a *sufficient reason* for young Candid, and he for her.

In her way back she met the youth, and blushed; Candid also blushed: she wished him good morrow in a faltering tone; and he returned the salute without knowing what he said. The next day, as they rose from dinner, Cunegund and Candid happened to get behind the screen, when Cunegund dropped her handkerchief, and Candid took it up; she innocently laid hold of his hand, and the youth as innocently kissed the young lady's hand with an eagerness, sensibility, and grace,—all very particular; their lips met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands strayed Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh happening to come by, and beholding this cause and effect, gave Candid a kick on the backside, and drove him out of doors; miss Cunegund fainted away; and as soon as she came to herself, the baroness boxed her ears: thus a general consternation was spread over this most magnificent and most agreeable castle that possibly could be.

C H A P. II.

What became of Candid among the Bulgarians,

CANDID being driven out of terrestrial paradise, rambled a long while, without knowing where he was : his eyes, bedewed with tears, were sometimes raised towards heaven, and sometimes turned towards the magnificent castle, where lived the fairest of young ladies. Though it snowed very hard, he layed himself down to sleep, without his supper, in the middle of a ploughed field. In the morning he awaked almost frozen to death, and made a shift to crawl to the next town, which was called Waldberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff: having no money, and being ready to perish with hunger and fatigue, he placed himself in a melancholy posture before an inn-keeper's door. In this situation he was taken notice of by two men dressed in blue, one of whom said to the other, *See here is a well built young fellow, and of a proper size;* upon which they made up to Candid, and very civilly invited him to dinner. Gentlemen, replied Candid with a most engaging modesty, you do me a great deal of honour, but I have no money. O, sir, said one of the blues to him, lads of your appearance and merit should never pay any thing: are not you five feet five inches high? Yes, gentlemen, that is my size, answered he, making a low bow. Come,

6 C A N D I D: Or,

fir, sit down along with us ; we will not only pay your reckoning, but we will never suffer such a clever fellow as you to want money ; mankind were born to assist one another. You are right, said Candid ; this is what I was always taught by Mr. Pangloss ; and I see plainly, that every thing is for the best. They beg of him to accept of a few crowns, which he complies with ; he wants to give them his note, but they refuse it, and place themselves at table. Are not you deeply in love ? . . . O yes ! answered he, I am deeply in love with miss Cunegund : No, replied one of the blues, we ask you whether you are not deeply in love with the king of the Bulgarians ? Not at all, said Candid, I never saw him in my life. Is it possible ! O, he is the best of kings ; we must drink his health. With all my heart, gentlemen, and he drinks. That is enough, they tell him, now you are the support, the defender, the heroe of the Bulgarians ; Your fortune is made, you are in the high-road to glory. Instantly they hand-cuff him, and carry him away to the regiment. There he is made to wheel about to the right, and to the left ; to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march ; and they give him thirty blows with a cudgel : the next day he does his exercise a little better, and he receives but twenty : the day following they let him off with ten, and his comrades look upon him as a surprizing young fellow.

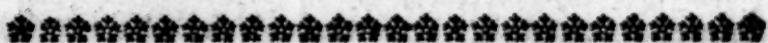
Candid.

Candid was thunder-struck, and could not for the life of him conceive what made him a heroe. It came into his head upon a very fine day in the spring, to take a walk, and he marched straight forward, looking upon it as a privilege of the human as well as of the animal species, to make use of their legs in what manner they pleased. He had not advanced two leagues, when he was overtook by four other heroes six feet high, who bound him, and carried him to a dungeon. A court-martial sat upon him, and he was asked which he would chuse, either to be whipped six and thirty times through the whole regiment; or to have his brains blown out at once with twelve musquet-balls. In vain was it for him to tell them that the human will is free, and that he chose neither; they obliged him to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of that divine gift called liberty, to run the gauntlet six and thirty times. He had gone through this discipline twice, and the regiment being composed of two thousand men, that composed for him four thousand strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves, from the nape of the neck quite down to his rump. As they were going to proceed to a third whipping, Candid, unable to withstand the operation any longer, begged as a favour that they would be so good as to shoot him: the favour being granted, they pull a cap over his eyes, and bid him kneel down. At this very instant the king of the Bulgarians happening to pass by, inquires into the nature of the crime: being a prince

of

8 C A N D I D: Or,

of great penetration, he found that Candid was a young metaphysician, extremely ignorant of the world, and therefore, out of his great clemency, he condescended to pardon him; for which his name will be celebrated in all the journals, and throughout all ages. An able surgeon makes a cure of Candid in three weeks by means of emollients taught by Dioscorides. His wounds were now skinned over, and he was able to march, when the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Abares.



C H A P. III.

How Candid made his escape from the Bulgarians, and what afterwards became of him.

TH E R E was never any thing so gallant, so well accoutered, so brilliant, and so well disposed, as the two armies were. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon, made such music, as the devil himself never heard in hell. The cannonading first of all laid flat about six thousand men on each side; the musket-balls swept away out of the best of worlds, nine or ten thousand ruffians that infected the surface of the earth. The bayonet was next a *sufficient reason* for the death of several thousands. The whole might amount to thirty thousand souls. Candid trembled like a philosopher, and concealed himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At

At length, while the two kings were causing Te Deum to be sung in each of their camps, Candid took a resolution to go and reason somewhere else, about effects and causes. After he had passed over heaps of dead, or dying men, the first place he came to was a neighbouring village, which belonged to the Abares, and had been set on fire by the Bulgarians, according to the laws of war. Here you might see old men covered with wounds, who beheld their wives, hugging their children to their bloody breasts, massacred before their faces. There you might behold young virgins with their bellies ripped open, and breathing their last, after they had satisfied the natural wants of Bulgarian heroes; while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be dispatched out of the world. The earth was strewed with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candid made all the haste he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians; and there he found that the heroic Abares had acted the same tragedy. From thence continuing to walk over shattered palpitating limbs, or through ruined buildings, he arrived at last beyond the seat of war, with a few provisions in his knapsack, and miss Cunegund always in his heart. At his arrival in Holland, his provisions failed him; but having heard that the inhabitants of this country were all rich, and Christians, he made no doubt but he should meet with the same treatment from them, as he had met with in the baron's castle, before miss
Cune-

Cunegund's bright eyes were the cause of his expulsion from thence.

He asked charity of several grave looking people, who unanimously answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade, they would confine him to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get his bread.

The next he addressed himself to, was a person who had been haranguing a large assembly for a whole hour, on the subject of charity. But the orator looking askew, said, What brought you hither? Are you for the good cause? There can be no effect without a cause, answered Candid, in a submissive manner, the whole is necessarily concatenated, and arranged for the best. It was necessary for me to have been banished the presence of miss Cunegund, to have afterwards run the gauntlet, and now it is necessary I should beg my bread, till I learn to earn it; all this cannot be otherwise. My friend, said the orator to him, do you believe the pope to be antichrist? I never knew he was, answered Candid; but whether he is or not, I have not a morsel of bread. Thou deservest none, said the other; be gone, varlet, wretch; never come near me while thou livest. The orator's wife putting her head out of the window, and spying a man that doubted whether the pope was antichrist, she saluted him with a full—O heavens, to what excess does religious zeal transport the fair!

A man

A man who had never been christened, a good anabaptist, named James, beheld the cruel and ignominious treatment shewn to one of his brethren, to an implumed biped, endued with a rational soul; moved with pity he carried him home, cleaned him, refreshed him with bread and beer, made him a present of two florins, and intended to instruct him in his silk manufacture. Candid threw himself at his feet, and cried out, master Pangloss was in the right, when he said that every thing was for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more affected with your extraordinary generosity, than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the black cloak, and his lady. The next day as he took a walk out, he met a beggar all covered with scabs, his eyes sunk in his head, the end of his nose corroded, his mouth distorted, his teeth black, snuffling through his nose, coughing most violently, and spitting out a tooth every time he tried to expectorate.



C H A P. IV.

How Candid found his old master Pangloss, and what happened to them.

CANDID, more touched with compassion than struck with horror, gave to this shocking figure the two florins, which he had received of honest James the anabaptist. The spectre looked at him very

very earnestly, dropped a few tears, and was going to embrace him. Candid drew back, aghast. Alas! said one wretch to the other, don't you know your dear Pangloss? What sound is this? Is it you, my dear master! you in this terrible plight! And what misfortune has happened to you? What brought you away from that most magnificent of all castles? What's become of miss Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies, and nature's masterpiece? I am so weak that I cannot stand, said Pangloss; upon which Candid carried him to the anabaptist's stable, and gave him a crust of bread. As soon as Pangloss had refreshed himself a little, Well, said Candid, what news of Cunegund? She is dead, replied the other. Candid fainted away; but his friend brought him to himself again by the help of a little vinegar that happened to be in the stable. Candid opening his eyes once more, cries out, Cunegund is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where art thou? But of what illness did she die? Was it not for grief, upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle? No, said Pangloss, her belly was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers, after they had most barbarously ravished her; they knocked the baron her father on the head, for attempting to defend her; my lady her mother was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister; and as for the castle, they have not left one stone of it standing, no nor a barn, nor a sheep, nor a duck, nor a tree: but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done

done the very same thing to a neighbouring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord.

This discourse threw Candid into a second swoon, but coming to himself, and having said all that it became him to say, he enquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the *sufficient reason* that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a plight. Alas! said the other, it was love; love, the comfort of the human species, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings, love, tender love. Alas! said Candid, I have some knowledge of love, that sovereign of hearts, that soul of our souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss and twenty kicks on the backside. But how could this beautiful cause produce so hideous an effect?

Pangloss made answer in these terms: O my dear Candid, you remember Paquette, that pretty wench who waited on our noble baroness; in her arms I tasted the pleasures of paradise, which produced those hell torments with which you see me devoured. She was infected with the distemper, and perhaps she has died of it since. This present, Paquette received of a learned Cordelier, who had traced it to the source; he was indebted for it to an old countess, who had it of a captain of horse, who had it of a marchioness, who had it of a page, who had it of a Jesuit, who in his novitiate had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. For my part I shall give it to nobody, I am a dying man. *is it not so?*
 C O Pan.

O Pangloss! cried Candid, what a strange genealogy! Is not the devil the original source of it? Not at all, replied this great man, it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient, in the best of worlds! for if Columbus had not landed upon an island in America, and there caught this disease, which contaminates the source of life, frequently hinders generation, and is evidently opposite to the great end of nature, we should have neither chocolate nor cochineal: we are also to observe, that upon our continent this distemper is like religious controversy, confined to a particular spot. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, the Japanese, know nothing of it; but there is a sufficient reason to make us conclude that they will be acquainted with it in a few centuries. In the mean time, it has made prodigious havock among us, especially in those armies composed of well disciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations; for we may safely affirm, that when an army of thirty thousand men fights another of an equal number, there are about twenty thousand of them p-x-d on each side.

Surprizing! said Candid: but you must get cured. Alas! how can I, said Pangloss, I have not a farthing, my friend; and this I know, that all over the globe, there is no possibility of being let blood, or of taking a blister without a fee.

This last speech had its effect upon Candid; he went and flung himself at the feet of James, the charitable

charitable anabaptist, and gave him so striking a picture of the situation of his poor friend, that the good man did not scruple to take Dr. Pangloss into his house, and had him cured at his own expence. Under the operation Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear. As he wrote a good hand, and understood accounts very well, the anabaptist made him his book-keeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon about some mercantile affairs, he took the two philosophers with him in the same ship. Pangloss explained to him how every thing was so constituted as it could not be better. James was not of this opinion. Mankind, said he, must, in some things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not born wolves, and yet they worry one another like those beasts of prey: God has given them neither cannon of four and twenty pounders, nor bayonets; and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. Into this account I might throw not only bankrupts, but the law which seizes on the effects of bankrupts only to cheat the creditors. All this was indispensably necessary, replied the one-eyed doctor, for private misfortunes constitute the general good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the greater is the general good. While he was arguing in this manner, the sky darkened, the winds blew from the four quarters of the compass, and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest within sight of the port of Lisbon.

*Tempest, shipwreck, earthquake, and what became of
doctor Pangloss, Candid, and James the anabaptist.*

ONE half of the passengers were so sick, and their nerves so greatly convulsed from the rolling of the ship, that they were not even sensible of the danger. The other half, either made loud outcries, or fell to their prayers; the sheets were rent, the masts broke down, and the gaping vessel sucked in the rushing ocean. All hands aloft; but nobody could be either heard, or obeyed. The anabaptist being upon deck, bore a hand; when a brutish sailor gave him a knock, and laid him sprawling; but with the violence of the blow, he himself tumbled head foremost over board, and stuck upon a piece of a broken mast. Honest James flies to his assistance, and with great difficulty hauls him up again; but in the attempt he falls into the sea himself; and though the sailor might have saved him from drowning, he was so barbarous as to let him perish. Candid draws near, and sees his benefactor one moment rising above water, and the next swallowed up by the merciless deep. He was just going to jump after him, but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him that the bay of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the anabaptist to be drowned. While he was proving this *a priori*, the ship foundered, and the whole

whole crew perished, except Pangloss, Candid, and the sailor, who drowned the good anabaptist; the villain swam ashore, but Pangloss and Candid escaped upon a plank.

As soon as they recovered themselves a little, they walked towards Lisbon: they had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from starving, after they had escaped drowning. As they were lamenting the death of their benefactor, they reached the city, when of a sudden the earth trembled under their feet, the sea swelled and foamed in the harbour, and beat to pieces the vessels riding at anchor. The streets and public squares were involved in clouds of fire and smoke, the houses tottered, and tumbled down, and thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were buried in the ruins. The sailor at this sight set up a whistling, and swore there was some booty to be got there. What can be the *sufficient reason* of this phenomenon? said Pangloss. This is certainly the day of judgment, cried Candid. The sailor ran among the ruins, defying death in pursuit of plunder: he found some money, and got drunk with it; and after he had slept himself sober, he purchased the favours of the first good natured wench that fell in his way. As he was thus wantonly rioting in the ruins of demolished houses, and amidst the groans of dying persons, Pangloss came and pulled him by the sleeve, saying, this is not right, my friend, you trespass against the *universal reason* and

fitness of things; this is not a proper time for such extravagancies. S'blood and fury, answered the other, I am a sailor, and born at Batavia; four times have I trampled upon the crucifix in four voyages to Japan; a fig for thy universal reason and fitness of things.

In the mean time Candid being wounded by some stones that fell from the houses, lay stretched in the street, almost covered with rubbish. For God's sake, said he to Pangloss, get me a little wine and oil, I am a dying. This concussion of the earth is no new thing, answered Pangloss: the city of Lima, in America, experienced the same convulsions last year; the same cause, the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur under ground from Lima to Lisbon. Nothing more probable, said Candid, but for the love of God, a little oil and wine. Probable? replied the philosopher, I maintain that the point is capable of being demonstrated. Candid fainted away; and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighbouring fountain.

The day following they rummaged among the ruins, and found provisions, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this they joined the rest of the inhabitants, in relieving the distressed and wounded. Some, whom they had humanely assisted, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under such terrible circumstances: true, the repast was mournful, and the company moistened their bread with tears; but Pangloss endeavoured

deavoured to console them, by affirming that things could not be otherwise than as they were ; because, said he, all this is fittest and best ; for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could be in no other spot : for it is impossible but things should be as they are ; for every thing is right.

Near him sat a little man dressed in black, belonging to the inquisition, who taking him up with great complaisance, said, very likely, sir, you do not believe in original sin ; for if every thing is best and fittest, consequently there was no such thing as the fall, or punishment of man.

I humbly ask your excellency's pardon, answered Pangloss still more politely, for the fall and curse of man, necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds. Therefore, sir, said the other, you do not believe any such thing as liberty. Your excellency will be so good as to excuse me, said Pangloss ; liberty is consistent with absolute necessity, for it was necessary we should be free ; for, in short, the determinate will

Pangloss was in the middle of his proposition, when the little inquisitor beckoned to his footman to help him to a glass of wine.

CHAP. VI.

How the Portuguese made a beautiful Auto-da-fé, to prevent any further earthquakes; and how Candido was publicly whipt.

AFTER the earthquake had destroyed three fourths of the city of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from utter ruin, than to entertain the people with an Auto-da-fé. For it had been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the burning of a few people alive, by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible secret to hinder the earth from quaking.

In consequence hereof, they had seized on a Biscayan, for marrying his godmother; and on two Portuguese, for stripping a chicken, as they were at dinner, of a little lard: after dinner, they came and secured doctor Pangloss, and his disciple Candido, the one for speaking his mind, the other for seeming to approve of what he said. They were conducted to separate apartments, extremely fresh and cool, being never incommoded by the sun: eight days after they were dressed in a *sanbenito*, and their heads were crowned with paper mitres. The mitre and *sanbenito* belonging to Candido, were painted with inverse flames, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws: but Pangloss's devils had claws, and the flames were upright. In this habit they

marched

marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, which was followed by an anthem set to music. Candid was whipt in cadence, while they were singing; the Biscayner, and the two men who refused to eat hog's lard, were burnt; and Pangloss, though contrary to custom, was hanged. The same day the earth sustained a most violent concussion.

Candid, terrified and amazed at the shocking bloody scene, said to himself with some trepidation; If this is the best of possible worlds, what must we think of the rest? Well, if I had been only whipped, I could put up with it, for I met with the same usage among the Bulgarians; but O my dear Pangloss! thou greatest of philosophers, that it should be my hard fate to see thee hanged, without knowing for what! O my dear anabaptist, thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O miss Cunegund, thou mirror of young ladies! that it should be thy fate to have thy belly ripped open!

Thus he was musing, though scarce able to stand, after sermon, flagellation, absolution, and benediction, when an old woman accosted him, and said, Child, take courage, and follow me.

CHAP. VII.

How the old woman took care of Candid, and how he found the object he loved.

CANDID did not take courage, but followed the old woman to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint his sores, shewed him a very neat bed, with a suit of cloaths hanging up, and left him victuals and drink. Eat, drink, and take your rest, said she, and may our lady of Atocha, the great St. Antony of Padua, and the great St. James of Compostella, receive you under their protection. I shall be back to-morrow. Candid, amazed at all he had seen, at all he had suffered, and, more than all, at the charity of the old woman, wanted to kiss her hand. It is not my hand you must kiss, said the old woman; I shall be back to-morrow. Anoint yourself with the pomatum, eat, and go to sleep.

Candid, notwithstanding so many disasters, eat and slept. The next morning the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment: in like manner she brought him his dinner; and at night she returned with his supper. The day following she went through the very same ceremonies. Who are you? said Candid; what deity has inspired you with so much goodness? what return can I make you? The good woman made him no answer; but came back

back in the evening, and brought him his supper : Come along with me, said she, and do not say a word. She took him by the hand, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, where they arrived at a lonely house, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door, which opened directly, and she shewed Candid up by a back-stairs into a small apartment, richly furnished. She left him on a brocaded sofa, shut the door, and went away. Candid thought himself in a dream, and indeed, that he had been dreaming all his life, but that the present moment was the only agreeable part of it all.

The old woman returned very soon, supporting a lady of a majestic mien, and stature ; her attire was rich, and glittering with diamonds ; she seemed to tremble very much, and wore a veil. Take off that veil, said the old woman to Candid. The young man approaches, and with awful reverence takes off the veil. But O what joy ! what surprize ! when he beheld miss Cunegund ; for it was she herself in person. His strength fails him, he is incapable of uttering a word, but drops down at her feet. Cunegund falls upon the sofa. The old woman applies a smelling-bottle ; they come to themselves, and recover their speech. As they began with broken accents, with questions and answers interchangeably interrupted, with sighs, with tears, and cries ; the old woman desired they would make less noise ; and then she left them to themselves. And is it you ?
said

said Candid; are you then alive? and is it my good fortune to meet with you in Portugal? then you have not been ravished? then they did not rip open your belly, as doctor Pangloss informed me? Yes they did, said Cunegund; but those two accidents are not always mortal. But were your father and mother killed? It is but too true, answered Cunegund, in tears. And your brother? My brother was also killed. And how came you here in Portugal? and how did you know of my being here? and by what strange adventure did you contrive to bring me to this house? I will tell you, replied the lady; but first of all let me know your history, since the innocent kifs you gave me at my father's house, and the rude kicking you received in return.

Candid respectfully obeyed her, and though he was still in a surprize, though he faltered in his speech, though his back still pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of every thing that had befallen him, since the moment of their separation. Cunegund lifted up her eyes to heaven; and shed tears upon hearing the death of the honest anabaptist, and of Pangloss; after which she made the following speech to Candid, who had his eyes fixed upon her the whole time, and listened to her with the utmost attention.

C H A P. VIII.

The History of Cunegund.

I Was in bed and fast asleep, when it pleased God to send the Bulgarians to our delightful castle of Thunder-ten-tronck; they slew my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgarian, six feet high, perceiving that I had fainted away at this sight, began to ravish me: the violence of the ruffian brought me to my senses; I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I wanted to tear the tall Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that what happened at my father's house, was the usual practice of war. The brute gave me a cut in the left side with his hanger, and the mark is still upon me. Ah! I hope I shall see it, says honest Candid: you shall, said Cunegund, but let us continue. Do so, replied Candid.

And thus she resumed the thread of her story. A Bulgarian captain came in, and saw me weltering in my blood, and the soldier not in the least disconcerted. The captain flew into a passion at the disrespectful behaviour of the brute, and killed him, just as I was sinking into insensibility. He ordered my wound to be dressed, and took me with him to his quarters as a prisoner of war. I washed what little linen he was master of, and dressed his victuals; he thought me very pretty; on the other hand I must own he had a good shape,

and an excellent complexion; but he had little or no sense or philosophy; and you might see plainly that he had never been instructed by doctor Pangloss. In three months time, having lost all his money, and being grown tired of my company, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded to Holland and Portugal, and had a strong passion for women. This Jew grew extremely fond of me, but never could make me yield to his desires; I made a better resistance against him than against the Bulgarian soldier. A modest woman may be ravished, but the violence only strengthens her virtue. In order to render me more tractable, he brought me to this country house. Hitherto I had imagined that nothing could equal the beauty of Thunder-ten-tronckh castle; but I found I was mistaken.

The grand inquisitor happening to spy me one day at mals, was smitten with my person, and sent to let me know he wanted to speak with me about private business. I was conducted to his palace, where I acquainted him with the history of my family; he represented to me, how much beneath it was a person of my birth, to belong to a circumcised Israelite. A proposal then was made to Don Issachar, that he should resign me to my lord. Don Issachar, being the court banker, and a man of credit, would not acquiesce. The inquisitor threatened him with an Auto-da-fé; in short, my Jew was frightened, so as to come into a composition, that the house and I should be held by them both in common; that the Jew should have

Mon-

Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday to himself; and the rest of the week I should be enjoyed by the inquisitor. It is now six months since this agreement was made, during which time they have often quarrelled to know, whether the space from Saturday night to Sunday morning, belonged to the old or new law. For my part I have hitherto held out against them both; and I verily believe that this is the reason why I am still beloved.

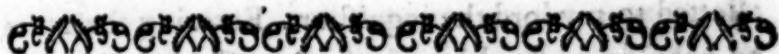
At length, to avert the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an Auto-da-fé. He did me the honour to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very good seat, and the ladies were served with refreshments between mass and the execution. I was shocked at the burning of those two Jews, and the honest Biscayner, that married his godmother: but how great my surprize, my consternation, when I beheld a person so like to Pangloss, dressed in a sanbenito and mitre! I rubbed my eyes, to see whether I was right; I saw him hanging, and I fainted away: but, no sooner was I recovered, than I beheld you stark naked, and this was the full measure of horror, pity and despair. I shall ingenuously own to you, that your skin is far whiter than that of my Bulgarian captain. This spectacle worked me up to a pitch of distraction. I screamed out, and was going to say, stop, barbarians, but my voice failed me, and my cries would have signified nothing. After you had been severely whipped, how is it possible, said I, that

the lovely Candid, and the sage Pangloss, should both be at Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by the order of my lord the inquisitor, who is my lover? Pangloss, most cruelly deceived me, in saying that every thing is fittest and best.

In this hurry and agitation of spirits, now distracted and lost, and now ready to sink under the weight of my affliction, I revolved in my mind the massacre of my father, mother, and brother, the insolence of the vile Bulgarian soldier, the wound he gave me with his hanger, my servitude under the Bulgarian captain, my subjection to the filthy Don Issachar, the abominable inquisitor, the execution of doctor Pangloss, the *miserere* sung to music while you was whipped, and especially the kiss I gave you behind the screen, before you left Westphalia. I gave thanks to God for bringing you back to me after so many trials, and I charged my old woman to take care of you, and to conduct you hither as soon as possible. She has executed her commission perfectly well; and I have had the inexpressible satisfaction of enjoying your company again. But you must be very hungry, and so am I, let us go to supper.

They both sat down to table, and when supper was over, they placed themselves once more on the sofa: there they were, when signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, surprized them. It was the jewish sabbath; and Issachar was come to assert

assert his prerogative, and to explain his tender sentiments to Cunegund.



C H A P. IX.

What became of Cunegund, Candido, the grand inquisitor, and the Jew.

THIS Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew that had been ever seen in Israel since the captivity of Babylon. What! said he, thou b—h of a Galilean, was not the inquisitor enough for thee? Must this rascal also come in for a share with me? As he was uttering these words, he drew out a long poniard, which he always carried about him; and not imagining that his adversary had any arms, he attacked him most furiously: but our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword of the old woman along with the suit of clothes. Candido draws his rapier, and though he was of so humane and gentle a disposition, he laid the Israelite sprawling at Cunegund's feet.

Good God! cried she, what will become of us? A man killed in my apartment! If the peace officers come, we are undone. Had not Pangloss been hanged, replied Candido, he would give us good counsel in this emergency, for he was a profound philosopher. But let us consult the old woman. She, as a prudent person, began to give her opinion,

when suddenly another little door burst open. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and of course the beginning of Sunday, which by agreement was allotted to my lord the inquisitor. Entering the room, he beholds a shocking spectacle; Candid standing with his drawn sword; after having just undergone the discipline of the inquisition; a man dead upon the floor; Cunegund frightened out of her wits; and the old woman giving counsel.

At that very instant the following thought occurred to Candid. If this holy man calls in assistance, he will surely consign me to the flames; and Cunegund, perhaps, will be served in the same manner; besides, he was the cause of my being cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and, as I have now begun to kill, I will kill away, for there is no time to hesitate. This whole reasoning was clear and instantaneous; so that without giving time to the inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he run him through the body. Now indeed we are ruined, said Cunegund, there is no mercy for us, we are excommunicated, our last hour is come. But how could you, who are of so mild a temper, prevail on yourself to kill a Jew and a prelate in two minutes? My fair creature, answered Candid, when love, jealousy, and the terror of the inquisition, act upon a man's brain, they are enough to drive him distracted.

The old woman then put in her word, saying, there are three Andalusian horses in the stable with bridles and saddles! and let the brave Candid get them.

them ready; madam has moydores jewels; let us therefore mount quickly on horseback, though I can sit only on one buttock; let us set out for Cadiz, it is the finest weather in the world, and there is great pleasure in travelling in the cool of the night.

Immediately Candid saddles the three horses; and Cunegund, the old woman, and he, travel thirty miles of a stretch. While they were making the best of their way, the St. *Hermagad* enters the house, my lord the inquisitor is interred in a handsome church, and Issachar's body is thrown upon a dunghill.

Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, had now reached the little town of Avacena in the midst of the mountains of La Sierra Morena, and were holding the following dialogue in a public inn.



C H A P. X.

In what distress Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman arrived at Cadiz; and of their embarkation.

WH O was it that robbed me of my moydores and jewels? said Cunegund all bathed in tears. How shall we live? what shall we do? where shall I find inquisitors or Jews to supply my wants? Alas! said the old woman, I have a shrewd suspicion of

a reverend Cordelier, who lay last night in the same inn with us at Badajos; God preserve me from making a rash judgment; but he came into our room twice, and he set out upon his journey long before us. Alas! said Candid, Pangloss has often demonstrated to me, that the goods of this world are common to mankind, and that they all have an equal right to enjoy them. But, according to these principles, the Cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us through our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear Cunegund? Not a farthing, said she. What then must we do? said Candid. Sell one of the horses, replied the old woman; I will get behind miss Cunegund, though I can hold myself only on one buttock, and we shall reach Cadiz.

In the same inn there was a Benedictine prior, who bought the horse very cheap. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, having passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was then getting ready, and troops were assembling, in order to reduce the Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of the Indian tribes, in the neighbourhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candid having been in the Bulgarian service, performed the military exercise of that nation, with so graceful an address, with so intrepid an air, and with such agility and expedition, that the general of this little army gave him the command of a company of foot. Being now made
a captain,

a captain, he sets sail with miss Cunegund, the old woman, two valets, and two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the grand inquisitor of Portugal.

During their voyage, they reasoned a good deal in regard to poor Pangloss's philosophy. We are going into another world, said Candid; and surely it must be there that every thing is best. For I must confess, there is reason to complain a little of what passeth in our world, in regard both to natural and moral government. I have a sincere value for you, said Cunegund, but I shudder still to think of what I have seen and experienced. All will be well, replied Candid; the sea of this new world is already preferable to our European seas, it is smoother, and the winds blow more regularly. Certainly the new world must be the best and fittest of worlds. God grant it, said Cunegund; but I have met with such terrible treatment in this, that I have almost lost all hopes of a better. You murmur and complain, said the old woman; but alas! you have not gone through half the misfortunes that I have done. Cunegund was ready to burst out laughing at the good old woman, for pretending to have gone through as many scenes of adversity as herself. Alas! said Cunegund, my good mother, unless you had been ravished by two Bulgarians; had received two deep wounds in your belly; had had two castles demolished; had lost two fathers and two mothers, and seen both of them cruelly murdered before

before your eyes ; and, lastly, had two lovers whipped at an Auto-da-fé, I do not conceive how you could be more unfortunate than I. Besides, though born a baroness, and able to prove seventy-two quarterings, I have been obliged to submit to the drudgery of a cook. Miss, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet ; and were I to shew you my backside, you would not talk in that manner, but would suspend your judgment. This speech having raised a high curiosity in Cunegund and Candid, the old woman spoke to them as follows.



C H A P. XI.

History of the old woman.

I Had not always fore eyes ; neither did my nose always touch my chin ; nor was I always a servant : I am the daughter of pope Urban X. and of the princess of Palestrina. To the age of fourteen, I was brought up in a palace, in comparison of which, all the castles of your German barons would be no better than stables ; and one of my robes was worth all the magnificence of Westphalia. As I grew up, I improved in beauty, wit, and every graceful accomplishment, in the centre of pleasure, and encompassed by flatterers, and admirers. Now I began to inspire the men with love. My neck was come to its right shape : and
such

such a neck ! white, erect, and exactly formed like that of the Venus of Medicis : my eye-brows were as black as jet ; and as for my eyes, they darted flames, and eclipsed the twinkling of the stars, as I was told by the poets in our part of the world. My waiting-women, in dressing and undressing me, used to fall into an extasy, whether they viewed me before or behind : and how glad would the gentlemen have been to perform that office for them !

I was affianced to a sovereign prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince ! as handsome as myself, sweet tempered, agreeable, witty, and desperately in love. I loved him, as one is apt to love for the first time, with transport, with idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with surprizing pomp and magnificence ; the ceremony was attended with feasts, carousals, and operas ; and all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, though not one of them was tolerable. I was just upon the point of reaching the summit of bliss, when an old marchioness, who had been mistress to the prince my husband, invited him to drink chocolate. He went, and died of most terrible convulsions in less than two hours. But this is only a bagatelle. My mother, distracted in the highest degree, and yet less afflicted than me, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. As she had a very fine estate in the neighbourhood of Cajeta, we embarked on board a galley, which was decorated like the great altar of St. Peter's at Rome. No sooner were we out at sea,

sea, than a Saltee rover came up, and boarded us. Our men defended themselves like the pope's soldiers: they flung themselves upon their knees, and laid down their arms, begging of the Corsair an absolution in *articulo mortis*.

Instantly the Moors stripped us as bare as monkeys; my mother, my maids of honour, and myself were served all in the same manner. It is amazing with what expedition those gentry undress people. But what surprized me most was, that they thrust their fingers into that part of our bodies, which the generality of women suffer no other instrument but—pipes to enter. It appeared to me a very strange kind of ceremony; and thus we are apt to judge of things, when we have not seen the world. I afterwards learnt, that it was to try whether we had concealed any diamonds. This is the practice established time immemorial, among civilized nations that scour the seas. I was informed that the very religious knights of Malta never fail to make this search, when they take any Turkish prisoners of either sex. It is a branch of the law of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardship it was for a young princess and her mother to be made slaves, and carried to Morocco. You may easily imagine what we must have suffered on board the Moorish vessel. My mother was still very handsome; our maids of honour, and even our waiting-women, had more charms than are to be found in all Africa. As

for myself, I was an exquisite beauty, I was graceful, and a virgin. I did not remain so long; this flower, which had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa Carara, was plucked by the captain of the Saltee rover, a frightful negro, who imagined he did me a great deal of honour. And indeed, both the prince of Palestrina and myself, must have had a very strong constitution, to go through all the hardships we suffered till our arrival at Morocco. But I proceed; these are such common things as not to be worth mentioning.

Upon our arrival at Morocco, we found the whole kingdom a scene of blood and confusion. Fifty sons of the emperor Moley-Ismael had each their adherents; this produced fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, of tawnies against tawnies, and of mulattos against mulattos. In short, it was a continual carnage throughout the empire.

No sooner were we landed, than the blacks of a contrary faction to that of my captain's, attempted to rob him of his booty. Next to jewels and gold, we were the most valuable things he had. I was witness, on this occasion, to such a battle as you never beheld in any part of Europe. The northern nations have not that fermentation in their blood, nor that raging lust for women, so common in Africa. The natives of Europe seem to have their veins only filled with milk; but those of the inhabitants of mount Atlas, and the neighbouring provinces, are impregnated with vitriol and fire. They fought

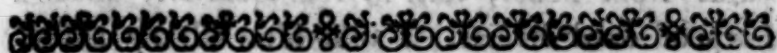
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with

with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of the country, to see who should have us for their prey. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; another Moor had hold of her by the right leg, and one of our Corsairs held her by the other. Thus almost all our women were drawn in quarters by soldiers. My captain concealed me behind him; and with his drawn scymitar he cut and slashed every one that opposed his fury. At length I saw all our Italian women, and my mother herself, torn and mangled by those inhuman monsters. The slaves made on board our galley, the Moors who took them, the soldiers, the sailors, the blacks, the whites, the mulattos; and lastly my captain himself, were all killed, and I remained alone, expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. The like barbarous scenes were transacted every day all over the country, through an extent of three hundred leagues, and yet they never missed the five prayers a-day, ordained by Mahomet.

With difficulty I disengaged myself from such a heap of slaughtered bodies, and made a shift to crawl to a large orange-tree on the bank of a neighbouring rivulet, where, oppressed with fatigue, horror, despair, and hunger, I tumbled down. My senses being over-powered, I fell asleep, or rather seemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a state of weakness and insensibility, or between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved upon my body. This brought me to myself,

self, and I saw a very good looking man, of a fair complexion, who sighed and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*



C H A P. XII.

The adventures of the old woman continued.

SURPRISED and pleased in a high degree to hear my native language, and no less astonished at what the man said, I made answer, that there were much greater misfortunes than that which he complained of. I gave him a compendious account of the horrid scenes I had undergone, and I fainted away a second time. He removed me to a neighbouring house, put me to bed, gave me victuals, waited upon me, did all he could to ease and comfort me, saying, that he had never seen so fine a woman, and that he never regretted so much the loss of what it was impossible for him to recover. I was born at Naples, said he; there they geld two or three thousand children every year; some die of the operation, others acquire a fine voice, and others are raised to be prime-ministers. This operation was performed on me with great success, and I was chapel-musician to madam the princess of Palestrina. To my mother! cried I. Your mother! cried he, the tears trickling down his cheeks. Is it possible
that

that you should be the young princess, whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old, and who promised so early to be as fair as you. It is I, indeed: but my mother lies four hundred yards from hence, torn in four quarters, under a heap of dead bodies. I told him all my adventures, and he made me acquainted with his; letting me know, that he had been sent to the emperor of Morocco by a Christian power, to conclude a treaty with that prince; in consequence of which he was to be furnished with military stores and ships, to help to demolish the commerce of other Christian governments. I have executed my commission, said the honest eunuch; I am going to take shipping at Ceuta, and I'll take you along with me to Italy! *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

With tears of joy I thanked him; but instead of reconducting me to Italy, he carried me to Algiers, where he sold me to the Dey. No sooner was I sold into slavery, than the plague, which made such havock over Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out with great malignancy in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes; but pray, miss, have you ever seen the plague? Never, answered Cune-gund. If you had, said the old woman, you would acknowledge that it is far more terrible than an earthquake. It is common in Africa; and I caught it. Imagine to yourself the distressed situation of the daughter of a pope, only fifteen years old, and
who,

who, in less than three months, had felt the miseries of poverty and slavery, had been ravished almost every day, had beheld her mother drawn in quarters, had experienced the scourges of famine and war, and now was dying of the plague in Algiers. Yet I recovered; but my eunuch and the Dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, perished.

As soon as the first fury of this terrible pestilence was over, a sale was made of the Dey's slaves; I was purchased by a merchant, and carried to Tunis: this man sold me to another merchant, who sold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold to Alexandria; from Alexandria to Smyrna; and from Smyrna to Constantinople. At length I became the property of an aga of the janissaries, who was soon ordered away to the defence of Asoph, then besieged by the Turks.

The aga, who was a very gallant man, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort on the Palus Mæotis, guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. The Turks killed a great number of the Russians, but the latter had their revenge. Asoph was taken by storm, and the inhabitants, without any distinction of age or sex, were all put to the sword. There remained only our little fort, and the enemy wanted to starve us out. The twenty janissaries had sworn they would never surrender. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themselves under

a necessity of eating our two eunuchs, for fear of violating their oath. And in the course of a few days, they resolved also to devour the women: from

We had a very pious and humane iman, who preached an excellent sermon, exhorting them not to kill us all at once; "only eat off a buttock of each of those ladies, said he, and you'll fare extremely well; if you must go to it again, there will be the same entertainment a few days hence; heaven will accept of so charitable an action, and send you relief."

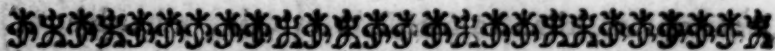
Being a man of great eloquence, he succeeded; and we underwent the terrible operation. The iman applied the same balsam to us, as he does to children after circumcision; and we were all in a very dangerous way.

No sooner had the janissaries finished the repast with which we had supplied them, than the Russians attacked them in flat bottomed boats, and not one janissary escaped. As for the Russians, they did not seem to mind the condition we were in: but there are French surgeons in all parts of the world; a very skilful operator of that nation took us under his care, and cured us; and as long as I live I shall remember, that as soon as my wounds were healed he made love to me. He bid us all have a good heart, telling us that the like had happened in many sieges, and that it was according to the laws of war.

As soon as my companions were able to walk, they were obliged to set out for Moscow. It was my fate to belong to a boiard, who made me his gardener, and gave me twenty lashes a day. But this nobleman having in two years time been broke upon the wheel along with thirty more boiards, for some broils at court, I took advantage of this event, and made my escape. After traversing all Russia, I was a long time an innholder's servant at Riga, the same at Rostock, Wismar, Leipzig, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam. I waxed old in misery and disgrace, having only one half of my posteriors, and always remembering I was a pope's daughter. A hundred times was I upon the point of killing myself, but still I was fond of life. This is one of the most ridiculous foibles our nature is subject to. For what can be more absurd, than to persist in carrying a burden, of which we would willingly be eased? to detest, and yet to strive to preserve our existence? In a word, to caress the serpent that devours us, till he has gnawed our very entrails.

In the different countries which it has been my fate to traverse, and the numerous inns where I have been servant, I have taken notice of a vast number of people, who held their own existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew of more than eight, who put an end to their misery, by laying violent hands on themselves; viz. three negroes, four Englishmen, and a German professor, named Robek.

bek. My last scene was being servant to Don
 Hsachar, who placed me near your person, my fair
 lady ; I am determined to share your fate, and
 have been much more affected with your misfor-
 tunes than with my own. I should never have
 troubled you with the narrative of my adventures, if
 you had not incited me to it, and if it was not
 customary to tell stories on board a ship, in order to
 pass away the time. In short, Miss Cunegund, I
 have a good deal of experience, and knowledge of
 the world ; therefore I advise you to divert yourself,
 and prevail upon each passenger to tell his story ;
 and if there is one of them all that has not cursed
 his stars many a time, that has not frequently looked
 upon himself as the unhappiest of mortals, I give
 you leave to throw me headforemost into the sea.



C H A P. XIII.

*How Candid was forced away from his fair Cunegund,
 and the old woman.*

THE beautiful Cunegund, having heard the
 narrative of the old woman's adventures, paid
 her all the civilities due to a person of her rank and
 merit. She likewise accepted the proposal, and en-
 gaged all the passengers to relate their adventures ;
 and then both Candid and she allowed, that the old
 woman was in the right. It is great pity, said Can-
 did,

did, that the sage Pangloss was hanged contrary to custom at an Auto-da fé; he would tell us most amazing things in regard to the natural and moral evil that overspread the earth, and I should be able, with due respect, to make a few objections.

While each passenger was recounting his story, the ship made her way, and they landed at Buenos Ayres. Cunegund, captain Candid, and the old woman, waited on the governor, Don Fernando Albaraz, y Figueroa, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman had a stateliness becoming a person dignified with such a string of names. He spoke with so noble a disdain, carried his snout so lofty, strained his voice to such a pitch, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with such intolerable pride, that those who saluted him were strongly inclined to give him a good drubbing. His lust was insatiable, and Cunegund appeared in his eye the choicest morsel he had ever beheld. The first thing he did, was to ask whether she was not the captain's wife. The manner in which he asked the question alarmed Candid; he durst not say she was his wife, because indeed she was not; neither durst he say she was his sister, because it was not so; and though this lye might have been of service to him, and do no hurt to any body, still he was too ingenuous to betray the truth. Miss Cunegund, said he, is to do me the honour to marry me, and we beseech your excellency to grace our nuptials with your presence.

Don

Don Fernando d'Ibara, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, turning up his whiskers, sneered, and gave orders to captain Candid to go and review his company. Candid obeyed, and the governor remained alone with miss Cunegund. Immediately he declared his passion, protesting he would marry her the next day in the face of the church, or otherwise, just as should be agreeable to herself. Cunegund asked a quarter of an hour to consider of it, to consult the old woman, and to take her resolution.

The old woman spoke thus to Cunegund: Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings in your arms, and not one farthing in your pocket; it is now in your power to be wife to the greatest lord in America, who has besides a very clever pair of whiskers. And what occasion has such a one as you to pique herself upon inviolable fidelity? You have been ravished by Bulgarians; a Jew and an inquisitor have enjoyed your favours. Misfortunes are a very good plea. I own, that if I was in your place, I should have no scruple to marry the governor, and to make the captain's fortune. While the old woman was thus giving her advice, with all the prudence that can be expected from age and experience, behold a sloop arrives from Spain, on board of which were an Alcalde and his Alguazils; the occasion of their voyage was this.

The old woman had shrewdly guessed, that it was a Cordelier who purloined Cunegund's money and
jewels

jewels in the town of Badajox, when she and Candid were making their escape. The friar wanted to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweller; the jeweller knew them to be the grand inquisitor's. The friar, before he was hanged, confessed he had stole them. He likewise mentioned the persons he had stole them from, and the route they had taken. It was by this time publickly known, that Cunegund and Candid had fled together; they were traced to Cadiz: a vessel was immediately got ready, and sent in pursuit of them; and now the vessel was in Buenos-Ayres. A report was spread, that the Alcalde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my lord the grand inquisitor. The sage old woman immediately saw what was to be done. You cannot run away, said she to Cunegund; and you have nothing to fear, for it was not you that killed my lord; besides, as the governor is in love with you, he will not suffer you to be ill treated; therefore stay. Then hurrying away to Candid, Be gone, said she, from hence, or in an hour you will be burnt alive: there was not a moment to lose; but how could he part from Cunegund, and where could he fly for shelter?

C. H. A. P. XIV.

*How Candid and Cacambo were received by the Jesuits
of Paraguay.*

CANDID had brought such a valet with him from Cadiz, as one often meets with on the coasts of Spain, and in the American colonies. He was the fourth part of a Spaniard, of a mongrel breed, and born in Tucuman: he had successively gone through the professions of singing-boy, sexton, sailor, monk, pedlar, soldier, and lacquey. His name was Cacambo, and he loved his master, because his master was a very good man. He got the two Andalusian horses saddled with all expedition. Come, master; let us follow the old woman's advice, let us set off, and make what haste we can, without ever looking behind us. Candid dropped a few tears; O my dear Cunegund! must I leave you just at a time when the governor was going to celebrate our nuptials? Cunegund, what will become of you, in this remote part of the world? She will do as well as she can, said Cacambo; the women are never at a loss. God provides for every body; let's be gone. Whither art thou carrying me? Where art thou going? What shall we do without Cunegund? said Candid. By St. James of Compostella, you was going to fight against the Jesuits; now let's go and fight in their defence; I know the road perfectly well; I'll conduct you to their kingdom, where they will be charmed to have a captain, that understands the Bulgarian

Bulgarian exercise; you'll certainly make a prodigious fortune; if we cannot find our account in one world, we shall in another. It is a great pleasure to see variety of objects, and to perform new exploits.

Then you have been in Paraguay? said Candido. Ay surb, answered Cacambo, I was servant in the college of the Assumption, and am acquainted with the government of the good fathers, as well as I am with the streets of Cadix. It is an admirable government. The kingdom is upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces: there the fathers are masters of every thing; the people have nothing: it is founded on the laws of reason and justice. For my part I see nothing so divine as the good fathers, who wage war in this part of the world against the kings of Spain and Portugal, at the same time that they hear the confessions of those princes in Europe; who kill Spaniards in America, and send them to heaven at Madrid; this pleases me above all things; let us push forward, you are going to be the happiest of mortals. What pleasure will it be to those fathers, to hear that a captain who understands the Bulgarian exercise, is come to offer his service to the society!

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo told the advanced guard, that a captain wanted to speak with my lord the commandant. Notice was given to the main-guard: and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran and laid himself at the feet of the commandant, to impart this news to him. Candido and

Cacambo were disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses seized. The strangers were introduced between two files of musketeers; the commandant was at the further end, with the three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and a spontoon in his hand. He beckoned, and straightway the new-comers were encompassed by four and twenty soldiers. A serjeant told them they must wait, that the commandant could not speak to them, and that the reverend father provincial does not suffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his presence, or to stay above three hours in the province. And where is the reverend father provincial? said Cacambo: he is upon the parade just after celebrating mass, answered the serjeant, and you cannot kiss his spurs till three hours hence. However, said Cacambo, the captain is not a Spaniard, but a German; he is ready to perish with hunger as well as myself: cannot we have something for breakfast, while we wait for his reverence?

The serjeant went immediately to acquaint the commandant with what he had heard. God be praised, said the reverend commandant; since he is a German, I may speak to him; take him to my armour. No sooner said, than Candid was conducted to a beautiful pavilion, adorned with a colonade of green marble intermixed with yellow, and with an intertexture of vines, abounding with parrots, humming birds, fly-birds, Guiney hens, and all other sorts of exotic birds. An excellent breakfast was provided in

vessels of gold ; and while the Paraguayans were eating Indian corn out of wooden dishes, in the open fields, and exposed to the heat of the sun, the reverend father commandant retires to his arbour.

He was a very handsome young man, with a full visage, and excellent complexion ; he had an arched eye-brow, a lively eye, red ears, vermilion lips, a bold air, but such a boldness as neither belonged to a Spaniard, nor to a Jesuit. Candid and Cacambo had their arms, and the two Andalusian horses restored ; Cacambo gave them some oats to eat just by the arbour, having an eye upon them all the while for fear of a surprize.

Candid began with kissing the commandant's robe, and they sat down to table. Are you then a German ? said the Jesuit to him in that language. Yes, reverend father, answered Candid. As they pronounced these words, they looked at each other with great amazement, and with such an emotion as they could not conceal. And from what part of Germany do you come ? said the Jesuit. I am from the dirty province of Westphalia, answered Candid : I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. O heavens ! is it possible ! cried the commandant. What a miracle ! cried Candid. Is it really you ? said the commandant. It is not possible, said Candid. In uttering those words they fainted away ; then coming to themselves they embraced each other, and dissolved in tears. What is it you, reverend father ? You, the brother of the fair Cunegund ! you, that was

slain by the Bulgarians! You, the baron's son! You, a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must confess this is a strange world that we live in. O Pangloss! Pangloss! Pangloss! how glad you would be, if you had not been hanged!

The commandant sent away the negro slaves and the Paraguayans, who presented them with liquors in crystal goblets. He thanked God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candid in his arms; and their faces were all bathed with tears. You will be more surprized, more affected, and transported, said Candid, when I tell you that miss Cunegund your sister, whose belly you imagined to have been ripped open, is in perfect health. Where? In your neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos-Ayres; and I was going to fight against you. Every word they uttered, during this long conversation, was productive of astonishment. Their souls fluttered on their tongue, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat a good while at table, waiting for the reverend father provincial, and the commandant spoke to his dear Candid as follows.

C H A P. XV.

How Candid killed the brother of his dear Cunegund.

I Shall have ever present to my memory the dreadful day, on which I saw my father and mother barbarously killed, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians retired, my dear sister could not be found ; but the slaughtered bodies of my father, mother, and myself, with two maid-servants, and three little boys, were put in a herse, to be conveyed to a chapel belonging to the Jesuits, within two leagues of our family seat. A Jesuit sprinkled us with some holy water, which was confoundedly salt; and a few drops of it went into my eyes: the father perceived that my eye-lids stirred a little ; he put his hand upon my heart, and felt it beat; upon which I had proper assistance, and at the expiration of three weeks I recovered. You know, my dear Candid, I was very handsome ; but I grew much handsomer, and the revered father Didrie, superior of that house, took a great liking to me ; he gave me the habit of the order, and some years afterwards I was sent to Rome. Our general had great need of new levies of German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay admit of as few Spanish Jesuits as possible ; they prefer those of other nations, as being more subordinate to their commands. The reverend father general looked upon me as a proper person, to be

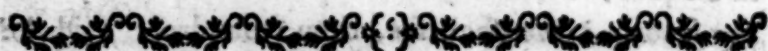
employed in cultivating this vineyard. We set out upon our mission, a Polander, a Tyrolese, and myself. Upon my arrival I was honoured with a sub-deaconship, and a lieutenancy. Now I am colonel and priest. We shall give a warm reception to the king of Spain's troops; I will answer for it, that they shall be excommunicated and well banged. Providence has sent you hither to our assistance. But is it true that my dear sister Cunegund is in the neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos-Ayres? Candid swore that nothing could be more true: and the tears began again to trickle down their cheeks.

The baron could not refrain from embracing Candid; he called him his brother, his saviour. Perhaps, said he, we shall be able, my dear Candid, to take the town sword in hand, and to recover my sister Cunegund. That is all I want, said Candid; for I intended to marry her, and I still hope I shall be able to effect it. Thou insolent fellow! replied the baron, wouldst thou have the assurance to marry my sister, who can shew seventy-two quarterings in her coat of arms! I find thou hast the most consummate effrontery to dare to mention so presumptuous a design! Candid, thunder-struck at this speech, made answer; Reverend father, all the quarterings in the world signify not a straw; I rescued your sister out of the hands of a Jew, and an inquisitor; she has great obligations to me, and she is

is desirous of having me for her husband: master Pangloss always told me, that mankind are by nature equal; I assure you therefore I will marry her. Say you so? we shall see, thou scoundrel! said the Jesuit-baron de Thunder-ten-tronckh, and that instant he struck him across the face with the flat side of his sword. Candid in an instant draws out his rapier, and plunges it up to the hilt in the Jesuit's guts; but in pulling it out, reeking hot, he burst into tears: Good God! said he, I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law; I am the best natured creature in the world, and yet I have already killed three men; and of these three, two were priests.

As Cucambo stood sentry near the harbour, he instantly ran up. We have nothing more for it than to sell our lives as dear as we can, says his master to him; there will be people presently coming into the harbour; so that we must die sword in hand. Cucambo had been in a great many scrapes in his lifetime; he therefore did not lose his presence of mind, but took the baron's Jesuitical habit, and put it on. Candid, then gave him the square cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. Let us gallop fast, master, every body will take you for a Jesuit, going to give directions to your men, and we shall have passed the frontiers before they will be able to overtake us. He flew as he spoke these words, crying out

out aloud in Spanish, make way, make way for the
reverend father colonel.



C H A P. XVI.

*Adventures of the two travellers, with two girls,
two monkeys, and the savages called Oreillons.*

CANDID and his valet had got beyond the barrier, before it was known in the camp that the German Jesuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, bacon, fruit, and a few bottles of wine. With their Andalusian horses they penetrated into an unknown country, where they perceived no beaten track. At length they came to a beautiful meadow, intersected with purling rills. Here our two adventurers fed their horses. Cacambo proposed to his master to take some nourishment, and he set him an example. How can you ask me to eat, said Candid, after killing the baron's son, and being doomed never more to see the beautiful Cunegund? What will it avail me to spin out my wretched days, and drag them far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the Journal of Trevoux say?

While he was thus lamenting his fate, he went on eating. The sun had reached the horizon, when the two wanderers heard some cries, which seemed

to be a female voice. They could not tell whether they were cries of pain or joy, but immediately they started up, with that inquietude and alarm, which every shadow is apt to raise in the minds of persons who have got out of their latitude. The noise was made by two naked girls, who tripped along the mead, while two monkeys were pursuing them close, and biting their buttocks. Candid was moved with pity: he had learned to fire a gun in the Bulgarian service; and he was so clever at it, that he could hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf of the tree. He takes up his double barrel Spanish fusil, lets it off, and kills the two monkeys. God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have rescued those two poor creatures from a most perilous situation: if I have committed a sin in killing an inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of these girls. Perhaps they are young ladies of family; and this adventure may procure us great advantages in this country.

He was going on, but stopped short when he saw the two girls dissolved in tears over the dead bodies of the monkeys, embracing them in the tenderest manner, and rending the air with the most dismal lamentations. Little did I expect to see such good nature, says he at length to Cacambo; who made answer, Master, you have done for yourself and me; you have slain the sweethearts of those two young ladies. The sweethearts! is it possible! you are jesting, Cacambo; I can never believe it. Dear master, replied
Cacambo

Cacambo, you are surprized at every thing ; why should you think it so strange, that in some countries there are monkeys which insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies ; they are the fourth part of a human being, as I am the fourth part of a Spaniard. Alas ! replied Candid, I remember to have heard master Pangloss say, that the like accidents used to happen formerly ; that these mixtures are productive of Centaurs, Fauns, and Satyrs ; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters ; but I looked upon the whole as fabulous. Now you are convinced, said Cacambo, that it is very true, and you see what use is made of those creatures, by persons that have not had a proper education ; all I am afraid of is, that those ladies will play you some ugly trick.

These reflections were well founded ; so that Candid was prevailed upon to quit the mead, and to pierce into a thicker. There he and Cacambo supped ; and after cursing the Portuguese inquisitor, the governor of Buenos-Ayrès, and the baron, they fell asleep on the bare ground. When they awaked in the morning, they could neither stir nor move ; for the Oreillons, who inhabit that country, and to whom the two ladies had given information of these strangers, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They were encompassed by fifty naked Oreillons, armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, and hatchets of flint : some were making a large cauldron boil ; others were preparing spits.

“ A

"A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged," cried they; we shall have excellent cheer; let us "eat the Jesuit, let us eat him up!"

I told you, master, cried Cacambo in a most sorrowful tone, that those two girls would play you some ugly trick. Candid seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out, I fancy we are going to be either roasted or boiled. Ah! what would master Pangloss say, were he to see how pure nature is formed? Every thing is right; be it so: but I own it is very hard to be bereft of dear miss Cunegund, and to be put upon a spit by barbarous Oreillons. Cacambo had always his wits about him; do not despair, said he to the disconsolate Candid, I understand a little of the jargon of those people; and I will speak to them. Be sure, said Candid, you make them sensible of the horrid barbarity of boiling human creatures, and how repugnant such a practice is to Christianity.

Gentlemen, said Cacambo, you reckon you are going to feast upon a Jesuit; it is all very well; nothing more just than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and such is the practice all over the world. If we do not make use of the same privilege, it is because we have much better fare than human flesh: but for your part, you have not such resources as we; and certainly it is much better to devour your enemies, than to resign them to the crows. But, gentlemen, surely you would not chuse

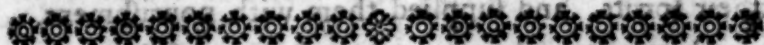
chuse to eat you friends. You think you shall spit a Jesuit, whereas he is your friend and defender; you are going to roast the very man who has been fighting against your enemies. In regard to myself, I am your countryman; that gentleman is my master; and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just now killed one of that order, whose spoils he wears; and thence comes your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I have affirmed, take his habit, and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuits kingdom, and inform yourselves, whether my master did not kill a Jesuit officer. No great time is requisite for this, and you may still feast upon our bodies, if you find I have deceived you. But if I have apprized you of the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public law, humanity, and justice, to take away our lives.

The Oreillons finding this speech very reasonable, deputed two of their principal people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of the matter; these executed their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good news to the prisoners. They untied them both, shewed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and reconducted them to the confines of their territories, proclaiming with great joy, "He is no Jesuit, he is no Jesuit."

Candid could not help being surprized at the cause of his deliverance. What sort of people, said he, are these! how strange their manners! if I had

not

not been so lucky as to run miss Cunegund's brother through the body, I should have been devoured without redemption. But after all, pure nature is right; since those people, instead of feasting upon my flesh, have shewn me a thousand civilities, when they knew I was not a Jesuit.



C H A P. XVII.

Candid and his valet arrive at the country of Eldorado, and what they saw there.

AS soon as they had reached the frontiers of the Oreillons; You see, said Cacambo to Candid, this hemisphere is not a pin better than the other; take my word for it, let us go back to Europe the shortest way possible. How go back? said Candid; and where shall we go? to my own country? the Bulgarians and Abares are laying it waste with fire and sword: to Portugal? there I shall be burnt: and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I resolve to quit a part of the world, where my dear Cunegund resides?

Let us turn towards Cayenne, said Cacambo, there we shall find Frenchmen, who ramble over all parts of the globe; they may assist us; and God perhaps will have pity on our distress.

It was not so easy to get to Cayenne; they knew which way to direct their steps, but mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, obstructed their passage. Their horses were killed with fatigue, and their provisions consumed. They fed a whole month upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river lined with cocoa-trees, which raised their spirits, and supplied them with nourishment.

Cacambo, who was as good a counsellor as the old woman, said to Candid; We are able to hold out no longer; we have travelled enough on foot, I spy an empty canoe near the river-side; let us fill it with cocoa-nuts, and get into it; the stream will carry us down, for a river always leads to some inhabited place. In case we do not find things to our mind, at least we shall meet with something new. With all my heart, said Candid, let us recommend ourselves to Providence.

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places flowery, in others barren; in some parts smooth, in others steep and rocky. The stream widened as they advanced; till at length it run under the arch of frightful rocks, which reared their lofty heads to the sky. Under this arch the two travellers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream. The river contracting itself hereabouts, whirled them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they saw day-light again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

They

They were obliged to creep along those rocks the space of a league, till at length they discovered a very large plain, bounded by inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated as much for pleasure, as for the necessities of life. The useful and the agreeable were completely mixed. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages of a glittering form and substance, in which were men and women of surprizing beauty, drawn by red sheep of a very large size, which for fleetness surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

Here is a country however, said Candid, preferable to Westphalia. He stepped along with Cacambo to a neighbouring village; and the first thing they saw, was children dressed in tattered brocades, and playing at quoits. Our travellers from the other world amused themselves greatly with this sight. The quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a surprizing lustre. The travellers picked a few of them off the ground; and they proved to be either gold, emeralds, or rubies, the least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the Mogul's imperial crown. Without doubt, said Cacambo, these children must be the king's sons, that are playing at quoits. Just as he had spoke these words, the schoolmaster of the village came and called them to school. There, said Candid, is the preceptor of the royal family.

The little beggars immediately quitted their diversion, leaving the quoits on the ground, with all

their other play-things. Candid gathers them up, runs to the master, and presents them to him in a most humble manner, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and their jewels. The schoolmaster smiling, flung them upon the ground; then looking at Candid with a good deal of surprize, he went about his business.

The travellers took care however to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. Where are we? cried Candid: the king's children in this country must have an excellent education, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones. Cacambo was as much surprized as Candid. At length they drew near to the first house in the village; and they found it as magnificent as an European palace. A multitude of people stood crowding at the door, and there was a much greater number in the house. Their ears were delighted with most agreeable music; and a fragrant odour came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard they were talking Peruvian, which was his mother-tongue; for it is well known, that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, in a village where no other language but this was spoke. I will be your interpreter here, said he to Candid; let us go in; it is a public-house.

Immediately two waiters and two girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair tied up with ribbons, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to
table

table with the landlord. Their dinner was four dishes of soup, each garnished with two young parrots; a tournee of bouillie, that weighed two hundred pound; two roasted monkeys, exquisitely well tasted; three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; excellent ragoos; delightful pastries, the whole served up in dishes of rock-crystal. The servants of the inn poured out several liquors drawn from the sugar-cane.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all extremely polite; they asked Cacambo a few questions with the greatest circumspection, and answered his in the most obliging manner.

As soon as dinner was over, Candid, as well as Cacambo, thought it would be very handsome, if to pay their reckoning they laid down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst out a laughing. When the fit was over, Gentlemen, said the landlord, it is plain you are strangers, and such guests we are not accustomed to see: pardon us therefore if we fell a laughing, when you tendered us the common pebbles of our country, in payment of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but it is not necessary to have any money at all to dine in this house. All our inns are established for the conveniency of commerce, and paid by the government. You have fared but very indifferently, because this is a poor village; but every where else, you will meet with a

reception suitable to persons of your merit. Cacambo explained this whole discourse of the landlord with great astonishment to Candid, who was as greatly astonished to hear it. What sort of a country then is this, said they to one another, a country unknown to all the world, a country of so different a nature from ours? Very likely this is the part of the globe, where every thing is right; for there must certainly be some such place. And let master Pangloss say what he would, I often found that things went very ill in West-phalia.

CHAP. XVIII.

What they saw in the country of Eldorado.

CACAMBO asked a great many curious questions of the landlord, who made answer; I am very ignorant, but not the worse on that account; however, we have in this neighbourhood an old man retired from court, who is the most learned and most communicative person in the kingdom. This said, he carries Cacambo to the old man. Candid acted now only a second character, and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was only of silver, and the cielings were only of gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste, as to vie with the richest cielings. The antichamber, indeed,

was

was only incrusted with rubies and emeralds, but the order in which every thing was arranged, made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming birds feathers, and ordered his servants to present them with liquors in diamond goblets ; after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms.

I am now one hundred and seventy two years old, and I learnt of my late father, master of the horse to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, of which he had been eye-witness. The kingdom we now inhabit, is the ancient patrimony of the Incas, who quitted it very imprudently to conquer another part of the world, and were at length destroyed by the Spaniards.

More wise by far were the princes of their family, who remained in their native country ; they ordained, with the consent of the whole nation, that none of the inhabitants should ever be permitted to quit our little kingdom : and this has preserved our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had a confused notion of this country, and called it *El Dorado* ; and an Englishman, whose name was sir Walter Raleigh, came very near it about a hundred years ago ; but being surrounded with inaccessible rocks and precipices, we have hitherto been sheltered from the rapaciousness of European nations, who have an inconceivable passion for our gold and silver, and esteem it as precious as pebbles.

pebbles and dirt, for the sake of which they would murder us all, to the very last man.

The conversation lasted some time, and turned chiefly on their form of government, their manners, their women, their public entertainments, and the arts. At length Candid, having had always a taste for metaphysics, made Cacambo ask whether there was any religion in that country.

The old man reddening a little, said, How can you ask such a question? Do you take us for ungrateful wretches? Cacambo humbly asked, what was the established religion in Eldorado? The old man, reddening once more, made answer: Can there be two religions? We have the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night. Do you worship but one God? said Cacambo, who still acted as interpreter in representing Candid's doubts. Sure, says the old man, there are not two, nor three, nor four. I must confess, the people from your side of the world ask very extraordinary questions. Candid was not yet tired of interrogating the good old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in Eldorado. We do not pray to him at all, said the respectable sage; we have nothing to ask of him; he has given us all we need, and we incessantly return him thanks. Candid having a curiosity to see the priests, asked where they were? At which the good old man smiling, said: My friends, we are all priests; the king and all the heads of families sing solemn canticles of
thank-

thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians. What! have you no monks to teach, to dispute, to govern, to cabal, and to burn people that are not of their opinion? We must be mad, indeed, if that were the case, said the old man; here we are all of one opinion, and we know not what you mean by monks. During this whole discourse Candid was in raptures, and he said to himself; this is vastly different from Westphalia and the baron's castle: had our friend Pangloss seen Eldorado, he would no longer have said, that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the finest thing upon earth; there is no knowing any thing without travelling.

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered a coach and six sheep to be got ready, and twelve of his domestics to conduct the travellers to court. Excuse me, said he, if my age deprives me of the honour of attending you. The king will receive you in such a manner, as you will not complain; and no doubt but you will make an allowance for the customs of the country, if some things should not be to your liking.

Candid and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they reached the king's palace, situated at the extremity of the capital. The portal was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but words are wanting to express the materials of which it was built. It is plain such materials must have a
pro-

prodigious superiority over those pebbles and sand, which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful damsels of the king's guard were ready to receive Candid and Cacambo, as they alighted from the coach, from whence they conducted them to the bath, and dressed them in robes of tissue interwove with the down of humming birds; after which the great officers of the crown led them to the king's apartment, according to custom, between two files of musicians, a thousand on each side. When they drew near to the audience-hall, Cacambo asked one of the great officers, in what manner he should pay his obeisance to his majesty; whether it was customary to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground; whether they put their hands upon their head, or behind their back; whether they licked the dust off the floor; in short, what was the ceremony observed on such occasions. The custom, said the great officer, is to embrace the king, and to kiss him on each cheek. Candid and Cacambo threw themselves round his majesty's neck, who received them with all the goodness imaginable, and very politely begged they would sup with him.

In the mean time they took a walk about the city, and saw the public structures rearing their lofty heads to the clouds; the market-places decorated with a thousand columns; the fountains of spring water, those of rose-water, those of liquors drawn from sugar-cane, incessantly flowing into the great squares,

squares, which were paved with a kind of precious stone, from whence issued a delicious fragrancy like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candid asked to see the parliament, or the court of justice; they told him they had none, and that they were strangers to law-suits. He enquired whether there were any prisons, and he was told there were not. But what surprized him most, and gave him the greatest pleasure, was the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, and filled with physical experiments.

After rambling about the city the whole afternoon, and seeing but a thousandth part of it, they were reconducted to the royal palace, where Candid sat down to table with his majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was there a better entertainment, and never was more wit shewn at table, than what fell from his majesty. Cacambo explained the king's *bon mots* to Candid, and notwithstanding they were translated, they still appeared to be *bon mots*. Of all the things that surprized Candid, this was not the least.

In this manner they spent a whole month; during which time Candid used to say to Cacambo, I own, my friend, once more, that the castle where I was born, is nothing in comparison of the place where we are at present; but, after all, Cunegund is not here; and no doubt but you have some sweetheart in Europe. If we abide here, we shall only be upon a footing with the rest; whereas, if we
return

return to our old world, only with twelve sheep laden with the pebbles of Eldorado, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe; we shall have no more inquisitors to fear, and we may easily recover miss Cunegund.

This speech was agreeable to Cacambo: mankind are so fond of roving, of making a figure in their own country, and of boasting of what they have seen in their travels, that the two happy strangers resolved to be no longer so, but to ask his majesty's leave to quit the country.

You are very indiscreet, said the king; I am sensible that my kingdom is but a trifling place; but when a person is tolerably well settled in any part, he should abide there. I have no right to detain strangers against their will; this would be tyranny, and therefore inconsistent both with our manners and our laws: mankind are all by nature free; therefore go whenever you please, but you will meet with very great difficulty in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river, which runs under vaulted rocks, and on which you were conveyed to Eldorado in the most surprizing manner. The mountains round my kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as steep as a perpendicular; they are each above ten leagues in breadth, and there is no other way to descend them than by precipices. However, since you absolutely insist upon departing, I shall give orders to my engineers to construct a machine that will convey you very safe. When
I
they

they have conducted you to the back of the mountains, nobody is to attend you farther; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too wise to break it. Ask me whatever else you please. We desire nothing of your majesty, said Cacambo, but a few sheep, laden with provisions, pebbles, and this country clay. The king smiled, and said: I cannot conceive what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but take as much of it as you have a mind to, and much good may it do you.

Hereupon he gave directions that his engineers should construct a machine, to hoist up these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand mathematicians went to work, and finished it in fifteen days; it did not cost above twenty millions sterling in the specie of that country. Candid and Cacambo were put into the machine, together with two large red sheep to ride upon as soon as they got over the mountains, twenty sheep laden with provisions, thirty with presents of the several curiosities of the country, and fifty with gold, diamonds, and precious stones. The king embraced the two wanderers very tenderly.

It was a curious spectacle to see them set off, and the ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were hoisted over the mountains. The mathematicians, after conveying them to a place of safety, took their leave; and Candid had no other desire, no other aim, than to present his treasure to miss

Cunegund. Now, said he, we are able to pay the governor, of Buenos-Ayres, if miss Cunegund can be ransomed. Let us move towards Cayenne, where we may take shipping, and then we shall see what kingdom we shall be able to purchase.



CHAP. XIX.

What happened to them at Surinam, and how Candid got acquainted with Martin.

OUR travellers spent the first day very agreeably. They were delighted with the notion of possessing more treasure, than all Asia, Europe, and Africa, could scrape together. Candid in his raptures cut Cunegund's name on the trees. The second day two of their sheep plunged into a morass, where they and their burthens were lost; two more died of fatigue a few days after; seven or eight perished with hunger in a desert; and others a few days after tumbled down from precipices. At length, after travelling a hundred days, only two sheep remained. Said Candid to Cacambo; you see how perishable are the riches of this world; there is nothing solid but virtue, and the happiness of seeing Cunegund once more. I grant all you say, said Cacambo, but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than the king of Spain will ever be possessed of; and I espy a town,

town, which I take to be Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of all our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness.

As they drew near the town, they saw a negroe stretched upon the ground, with only one moiety of his habit, that is, of his blue linen drawers; the poor man had lost his left leg and his right arm. Good God! said Candid, in Dutch, what art thou doing there, friend, in that shocking condition? I am waiting for my master mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous merchant, answered the negroe. Was it mynheer Vanderdendur, said Candid, that used thee in this manner? Yes, sir, said the negroe, it is the custom of the country. They give us a pair of linen drawers for our whole garment twice a year. When we work at the sugar-canes, and the mill snatches hold of a finger, they cut off our hand: and when we attempt to run away, they cut off our leg: both cases have happened to me. This is what we suffer for your eating sugar in Europe. Yet when my mother sold me for ten patacoons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, my dear child, bless our Fetiches: adore them for ever, they will make thee live happy; thou hast the honour of being the slave of our lords the whites, which is making the fortune of thy father and mother. Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortune; this I know, that they have not made mine. Dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thousand times less wretched than I. The Dutch

Fetiches, who converted me, declare every Sunday, that we are all of us children of Adam, blacks as well as whites. I am not skilled in genealogy, but if those preachers tell truth, we are all second cousins. Now you must allow me, that it is impossible to treat one's relations in a more barbarous manner.

O Pangloss! cried Candid, you never thought of this horrid scene; there is an end of the matter; I see I must renounce your doctrine at last. What is his doctrine? said Cacambo. Alas! said Candid, it is the folly of maintaining that every thing is right, when it is wrong! At these words he looked at the negroe, and with tears in his eyes he entered Surinam.

The first thing they inquire after, is, whether there is ever a vessel in the harbour, which they could send to Buenos-Ayres. The person to whom they applied, was a Spanish sea captain, who offered to agree with them upon reasonable terms. He appointed to meet them at a public house, whither Candid and the faithful Cacambo went with their two sheep, and waited for his coming.

Candid being extremely frank and open, told the Spaniard all his adventures, and owned to him that he intended to run away with miss Cunegund. Take my word, for it then, said the captain, I will not carry you to Buenos-Ayres; for I should be hanged, and so would you. The fair Cunegund is my lord's favourite

favourite mistress. Candid was thunderstruck at this discovery; but after he had vented his grief in a flood of tears, he called Cacambo aside, and spoke to him thus: I'll tell you, my dear friend, what you must do. We have each of us in our pockets to the value of five or six millions in diamonds; you are cleverer at these matters than I; you must go and bring miss Cunegund from Buenos-Ayres. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million; if this will not soften him, give him two; as you have not killed an inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you; I'll get another ship, and go and wait for you at Venice; that's a free country, where there is no danger either from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or inquisitors. Cacambo greatly applauded this sage resolution. It grieved him to the very heart to part with so good a master, who was become his intimate friend; but the desire of being serviceable to him, prevailed over the pain he felt from the separation. In embracing each other they shed tears; Candid charged him not to forget the good old woman: and Cacambo set out that very same day. Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candid staid some days longer at Surinam, waiting for another captain to carry him and the two remaining sheep to Italy. After he had hired domestics, and purchased every thing necessary for a long voyage, mynheer Vanderdendur, captain of a large vessel, came and offered his service. What will you have, said he to the Dutch skipper, to carry me and

my servants, my baggage, and these two sheep, directly to Venice, without touching at any other port. The skipper asked ten thousand piaftres; and Candid immediately agreed to let him have the money.

Zdsucks! said the prudent Vanderdendur, this stranger gives me ten thousand piaftres, without making a single word. He must therefore be immensely rich. Returning a little while after, he let him know, that upon second consideration, he could not undertake the voyage for less than twenty thousand. Well, you shall have them, said Candid.

Ay, said the skipper to himself, this man agrees to pay twenty thousand piaftres, with as much ease as ten. He went back to him again, and declared he could not carry him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piaftres. Then you shall have thirty thousand, replied Candid.

Odso, said the Dutch skipper once more to himself, thirty thousand piaftres are a trifle to this man; surely these sheep must be laden with an immense treasure; let us say no more about it: first of all let him pay down the thirty thousand piaftres; and then we shall see. Candid sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than what the skipper asked for his freight. He payed him before hand: the two sheep were put on board; and he hired a boat to follow them at his leisure: but before he arrived, the skipper seized the opportunity to unmoor, and stretched out to sea with a favourable gale. Candid losing sight of the Dutchman, was greatly dis-

dismayed: Alas! said he, what a sad trick! a trick worthy of the ancient hemisphere. He puts back overwhelmed with sorrow, for indeed he had been robbed of a treasure sufficient for twenty monarchs.

No sooner was he landed, than he waited upon the Dutch magistrate: in his perturbation of mind, he knocked very loud at the door, which being opened, he goes in, tells his case, and raises his voice with great vehemence. The magistrate began with fining him ten thousand piastres, for making a noise. Then he listened patiently to what he had to say, promised to examine into his affair at the skipper's return, and ordered him to pay ten thousand piastres for the expence of the present hearing.

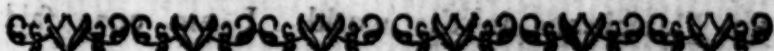
Candid lost all patience at this behaviour: he had indeed experienced much greater vicissitudes; but the insensibility of the magistrate, and the cruelty of the skipper, flung him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself before his imagination in all its deformity; and his mind was filled with gloomy ideas. At length hearing that a French captain was ready to set sail for Bourdeaux, as he had no sheep nor diamonds to take along with him, he hired the cabbins for the usual price: but before he went on board, he published an advertisement, that if any honest man would favour him with his company during the voyage, he would pay his passage and board, and moreover give him

him ten thousand piaftres ; upon condition that this man was the moft difsatisfied with his ftate, and the moft unfortunate in the whole province.

Such a multitude of candidates appeared on this occafion, that a fleet of fhips would have been hardly able to contain them all. Candid being defirous to felect from among the beft, marked out about twenty, who feemed to be fociable men, and all pretended to deferve the preference. He afsembled them at an inn, where he treated them with a fupper, on condition that every man fhould ingenuoufly relate his own hiftory : he promifed, moreover, to chufe the perfon, who to him fhould appear moft deferving of compaffion, and moft juftly difsatisfied with his ftation of life ; and to beftow fome prefents upon the reft.

They fat till four o'clock in the morning : as they were telling their adventures, Candid recollected what the old woman had faid to him in their voyage to Buenos-Ayres, and of her wager that there was not a perfon on board the fhip, but had met with very great misfortunes. At every adventure he heard, he thought of Panglofs. My old mafter, faid he, would be greatly puzzled to demonftrate his fystem. I wifh he was here. Certainly if every thing is for the beft, it is in Eldorado, and not in the other parts of the globe. At length, he made choice of a poor man of letters, who had been a flave ten years for the bookfellers at Amfterdam. He determined that there was not a greater drudgery in the whole world,

This philosopher was an honest man; but he had been robbed by his wife, buffeted and abused by his son, and forsaken by his daughter who got a Portuguese to run away with her. He had been also deprived of a small employment, on which he subsisted; and he was persecuted by the preachers of Surinam, who took him for a Socinian. We must allow that the others were at least as wretched as he; but Candid was in hopes that a man of letters would contribute more than the rest to divert him in his passage. All the other candidates complained that Candid had done them great injustice; but he stopped their mouths, by giving one hundred piasters to each.



C H A P. XX.

What happened at sea to Candid and Martin.

THE old philosopher, whose name was Martin, embarked for Bourdeaux in company with Candid. They had both seen, and suffered a great deal; and if the vessel had been to sail from Surinam to Japan, round the cape of Good Hope, the subject of moral and natural evil would have enabled them to entertain one another during the whole voyage.

Candid however had one great advantage over Martin, that he always hoped to see miss Cunegund; whereas Martin had nothing at all to hope:

hope: besides, Candid was possessed of money and jewels, and though he had lost one hundred large red sheep, laden with the greatest treasure upon earth; though the knavery of the Dutch skipper still sat heavy upon his mind; yet when he reflected upon what he had still left, and when he mentioned the name of Cunegund, especially towards the latter end of a repast, he inclined to Pangloss's doctrine.

But what think you, Mr. Martin, said he to the philosopher of this whole system? what is your notion of moral and natural evil? Sir, answered Martin, our priests accused me of being a Socinian; but the real fact is, I am a Manichean. You jest, said Candid, there are no Manicheans in the world. I am one, said Martin; I cannot help it; I know not how to think otherwise. Surely the devil must be in you, said Candid. He is so deeply concerned in the affairs of this world, answered Martin, that he may very well be in me, as well as in every body else; but I own to you, that when I cast an eye on this globe, or rather on this little ball, I cannot help thinking, but that God has abandoned it to some malignant being; yet we must always except Eldorado. I scarce ever knew a city that did not desire the destruction of the next city to it. Scarce a family that did not wish to exterminate some other family. The poor in all parts of the world abominate the rich, to whom they are obliged to creep and cringe; and the rich treat the poor like sheep, whose wool and flesh they

they barter for money. A million of disciplined assassins are spread from one extremity of Europe to the other, getting their bread by regular depredation and murder, for want of honest employment. Even in those cities, which seem to enjoy the blessings of peace, and where the arts and sciences flourish, the inhabitants are devoured with envy, care, inquietude, and other plagues, much greater than those which are felt at the siege of a town. Private chagrines are still more shocking than public calamities. In a word, I have seen and suffered so much, that I am a Manichean.

Yet there is something good in this world, replied Candid. That may be, said Martin; but I know it not.

In the middle of this dispute, they heard the report of cannon, which redoubled every instant. Each man takes out his glass; and they espy two ships engaged in close fight, about three miles off. At length one gave the other a shot between wind and water, which sunk her to the bottom. Candid and Martin could plainly perceive a hundred men upon deck, who, with their hands lifted up to heaven, made most terrible outcries, and the next moment were swallowed up by the sea.

Well, said Martin, you see in what manner mankind treat one another. It is true, said Candid, this is a diabolical affair; and as he spoke these words, he espied something red and shining, which swam close to the vessel. They put out

out the shallop, and it proved to be one of his sheep : at the recovery of this animal, Candid was more rejoiced, than he had been grieved at the loss of the other hundred, though laden with the large diamonds of Eldorado.

The French captain quickly perceived, that the victorious ship belonged to the crown of Spain, that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very same captain who had robbed Candid. The immense plunder which this villain had amassed, was buried with him in the deep, and out of the whole only one sheep was saved. You see, said Candid to Martin, that vice sometimes meets with condign punishment ; the Dutch skipper has met with the fate he deserved. Yes, said Martin ; but why should the passengers be doomed also to destruction ? God has punished the knave, and the devil has drowned the rest.

The French and Spanish ships continued their course, while Candid went on conversing with Martin. They disputed fifteen days successively, and at the end of those fifteen days, they were as far advanced as when they began. However, they chatted, they communicated their ideas, and consoled each other. Candid made much of his sheep : since I have found thee again, said he, I may likewise chance to find my Cunegund.

C H A P. XXI.

Candid and Martin draw near the coast of France, and reason with each other.

AT length they descried the coast of France ; when Candid said to Martin : Sir, was you ever in France ? Yes, said Martin, I have been in several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one half of the people are fools, in others they are too cunning ; in some they are weak and simple, in others they affect to be witty ; in all their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the next to that is to talk nonsense. But, Mr. Martin, pray was you ever at Paris ? Yes, sir, it is a city that partakes of all the several species you have been describing ; it is a chaos, a confused multitude, where every body seeks for pleasure without being able to find it, at least as far as I have observed. I made some short stay there : at my arrival I was robbed of all I had in the world, by pickpockets and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken myself for a robber, and confined eight days in prison ; after which I served as corrector of the press, in order to get a little money towards defraying my expences back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole tribe of scribblers, with the malecontents, and fanatics. It is said that there are very polite people in that city ; and I am apt to believe it.

For my part, I have no curiosity to see France, said Candid; you may easily imagine, that after spending a month at Eldorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but miss Cunegund. I am going to meet her at Venice; we shall pass through France in our way to Italy; will you bear me company? With all my heart, said Martin: it is said that Venice is fit only for its own nobility; but that strangers, however, meet with a very good reception, if they have a good deal of money; I have none; you have; therefore I'll follow you all over the world. But do you believe, said Candid, that the earth was originally a sea, as we find it asserted in that large book belonging to the captain? I do not believe a word of it, said Martin, no more than I do of a thousand reveries, which have been published lately. But, said Candid, for what purpose or design was this world originally framed? To plague us to death, answered Martin. Are not you greatly surprized, continued Candid, at the passion of the two girls, in the country of the Oreillons, for those monkeys, with whose story I made you acquainted? Not at all, said Martin; I find nothing extraordinary in it: I have seen so many strange things, that there is nothing strange to me at present. Do you believe, said Candid, that mankind used always to cut one another's throats; that they were always liars, cheats, traitors, and ungrateful; always robbers, fools, inconstant, cowards, envious, gluttons, drunkards, misers, swayed

swayed by ambition, bloody-minded, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites? Do you believe, said Martin, that hawks always eat pigeons, when these came in their way? Yes, surely, said Candid. Well then, said Martin, if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that mankind changed theirs? Oh! said Candid, there is a vast deal of difference; for free-will and reasoning thus they arrived at Bourdeaux.



C H A P. XXII.

What happened in France to Candid and Martin.

CANDID made no longer stay at Bourdeaux, than was necessary for selling a few of the pebbles of Eldorado, and for hiring a good vehicle to hold two passengers; for he could not bear to be without his philosopher Martin. He was only vexed to part with his sheep, which he left to the academy of sciences at Bourdeaux. The academy proposed as a subject for this year's prize, the reason why this sheep's wool was red; and the prize adjudged to a learned man in the North, who demonstrated by $A, \text{ plus } B, \text{ minus } C, \text{ divided by } Z,$ that the sheep must be red, and die of the rot.

In the mean time the passengers, whom Candid met in the several inns upon the road, told him they were all going to Paris. This general impatience of seeing the capital, inspired him at length with the same desire; and it was not much out of his way to Venice.

He entered Paris by the suburb of St. Marceau, and thought he saw the dirtiest village in Westphalia.

No sooner was Candid arrived at his inn, than he found himself a little out of order, occasioned by his great fatigue. As he had a very large diamond ring on his finger, and the people of the inn had taken notice of a prodigious heavy box among his baggage, there were two physicians to attend him, though he had never sent for them; a few intimate friends, who never stirred from him; and two devotees, who warmed his broths and jellies. Martin said, I remember to have been sick at Paris in my first voyage; but as I was very poor, I had neither friends, devotees, nor physicians; yet I recovered.

However, what by physic and bleeding, Candid's distemper was become a very serious affair. The parson of the parish came with great modesty to ask for a bill for the other world payable to the bearer. Candid would do no such thing; but the devotees assured him it was the fashion. He made answer, that he did not trouble his head about fashions. Martin was going to throw the priest out of the window.

dow. The priest swore that Candid should not have Christian burial. Martin swore he would bury the priest, if he continued to be troublesome. They began to be over-heated, when Martin took hold of the priest by the shoulders, and turned him out of doors ; which occasioned great scandal, and a law-suit.

Candid got well again. During his convalescency he had very genteel company to sup with him : they played very deep ; and Candid was surprized he could never throw ambs-ace ; but Martin was not surprized at all.

Among those who did him the honours of the town was a little abbé of Perigord, one of those busy bodies, who are ever alert, officious, forward, fawning and complaisant ; who watch for strangers in their passage through the capital, tell them the scandalous history of the town, and offer them pleasures at all sorts of prices. This man began with carrying Candid and Martin to the playhouse, where a new tragedy was to be acted. Candid happened to be seated near some of the *beaux esprits* ; but this did not prevent his shedding tears at some scenes that were well acted. One of those critics, who sat in the next box, spoke thus to him between the acts : Your tears are greatly misplaced ; that's a shocking actress ; the actor who plays with her is a worse performer than herself ; and the play is worse still than the actors ; the author does not understand a word of Arabic, yet the scene is in Arabia ; besides, he is a man that does not be-

lieve in innate ideas; and to-morrow I'll venture to shew you twenty pamphlets written against him. Sir, said the little abbé de Perigord, did you take notice of that young creature, with such a killing countenance, and so delicate a shape? You may have her for ten thousand livres a month, and fifty thousand crowns in diamonds. I could not stay with her above a day or two, answered Candid, because I have a rendezvous that calls me directly to Venice.

After supper, the insinuating abbé shewed himself still more officious in paying his courtship to Candid. And so, sir, you have a rendezvous at Venice? Yes, monsieur l'Abbé, answered Candid; I must absolutely wait upon miss Cunegund. And then the pleasure of talking about the object he loved, induced him to relate, according to custom, part of his adventures with that fair Westphalian.

I believe, said the abbé, miss Cunegund has a great deal of wit, and that she knows how to write an excellent letter? I never had any from her, answered Candid; for being expelled the castle upon her account, I had not an opportunity to write to her: soon after that I heard she was dead; then I found her alive; then I lost her again; and last of all, I sent an express to her a thousand five hundred leagues from hence, and I wait for an answer.

The abbé listened attentively, and seemed to be in a brown study. He soon took his leave of the

the two foreigners, after a most tender embrace. The next morning, when Candid awaked, he received a letter couched in the following terms.

“My dear Candid—I have been ill these eight days in town; and have heard of your arrival. I would fly to your arms, were I able to stir or move. I was informed of your passage at Bourdeaux, where I left faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are to follow me very soon. The governor of Buenos-Ayres has taken every thing from me but your heart, which still remains. Come, your presence will either give me life, or kill me with pleasure.”

At the receipt of this charming, this unexpected letter, Candid felt the utmost transports of joy; though, on the other hand, the indisposition of his dear Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Divided between those two passions, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and hurries away with Martin to the hotel, where miss Cunegund was lodged. Upon entering the room, he trembles in every limb, his heart beats, his tongue falters; he undraws the curtain, and calls for a light to the bedside: take care what you do, said the servant-maid, the light is offensive to her, and immediately she draws the curtain again. My dear Cunegund, said Candid dissolved in tears, how do you do? If you cannot bear the light, speak to me at least. She cannot speak, said the maid. The lady then puts her plump hand out of bed, and Candid first bathes it with tears, then fills it with diamonds,

diamonds, leaving a purse of gold upon the easy chair.

Whilst he is indulging his transports, in comes an officer followed by the abbé, and a file of musqueteers. There, said he, are the two suspected foreigners; at the same time he orders them to be seized, and carried to prison. Travellers are not treated after this manner in Eldorado, said Candid. I am more a Manichean now than ever, said Martin. But, pray sir, where are you going to carry us? said Candid. To a dungeon, answered the officer.

Martin having recovered himself a little, judged that the person who acted the part of Cunegund, was a cheat; that monsieur l'abbé de Perigord was a knave, who had imposed upon the honest simplicity of Candid; and that the officer was another knave, whom they might easily silence.

Candid, directed by Martin's advice, and impatient to see the real Cunegund, rather than expose himself before a court of justice, proposes to the officer to give him three small diamonds, each of them worth about three thousand pistoles. Ah, sir, said he, had you committed ever so much villany, this would render you in my eye the honestest man in the world: three diamonds, worth three thousand pistoles each! Sir, instead of carrying you to jail, I would lose my life to serve you. There are orders for arresting all strangers: but let me alone; I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy; I'll conduct you thither, and

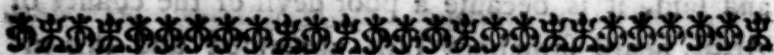
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if you have ever a diamond to give him, he'll take as much care of you as myself.

And why, said Candid, should all strangers be arrested? The abbé de Perigord then made answer and said, it is because a poor devil of the county of Artois heard somebody talk nonsense; and this induced him to commit a parricide, not such as that of the month of May 1610, but such as that of 1594, in the month of December, and such as have been perpetrated in other months and years by other poor devils, who had heard nonsense spoken.

The officer then explained what the abbé meant. Horrid monsters! cried Candid aloud; is it possible that such scenes should be transacted among a dancing, singing nation? Is there no getting immediately out of this country, where monkeys provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my country; but men I have beheld no where except in Eldorado. In the name of God, sir, said he to the officer, conduct me to Venice, where I am to wait for miss Cunegund. I can conduct you no farther than to Lower Normandy, said the officer. Immediately he orders his irons to be struck off, acknowledges himself mistaken, sends away his men, sets out with Candid and Martin for Dieppe, and consigns them to the care of his brother. There was then a small Dutch ship in the harbour: the Norman, grown the most officious man in the world, by virtue of the three other diamonds, puts Candid and his attendants on board a vessel that was just ready to set sail for Portsmouth. This was not
the

the way to Venice; but Candid thought he had made his escape out of hell, and he reckoned he should soon have an opportunity of resuming his voyage to Venice.



C H A P. XXIII.

Candid and Martin touch upon the English coast; and what they see there.

AH Pangloss! Pangloss! Ah Martin! Martin! Ah my dear Cunegund! what sort of a world is this? said Candid, when he got on board the Dutch ship. Something very foolish and abominable, answered Martin. You are acquainted with England: are they as great fools in that country as in France? They have a different kind of folly, said Martin; you know that these two nations are at war, for a few acres of barren land in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they have spent a great deal more in the prosecution of this war than all Canada is worth. To tell you exactly, whether there are more inhabitants fit to send to a madhouse in one country than the other, is what my imperfect intelligence will not permit. I only know in general that the people we are going to see are very atrabilious.

As they were talking in this manner, they arrived at Portsmouth. The coast was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were fixed on a lusty man

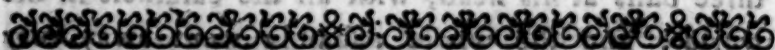
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on board one of the men of war in the harbour, who was upon his knees, and blindfolded. Four soldiers stood opposite to this man; each of them fired three balls at his head, with all the calmness in the world; and the whole assembly went away very well satisfied. What is all this? said Candid; and what dæmon is it that exercises his tyrannic sway in every country? He then asked who was that lusty man, who had been killed with so much ceremony. They answered, he was an admiral. And why should you kill your admiral? Because he did not take care to kill a sufficient number of men himself. He gave battle to a French admiral; and it has been proved that he was not near enough to him. But, replied Candid, the French admiral was as far from the English admiral. There is no doubt of it, said they; but in this country, it is proper now and then to kill one admiral, in order to make the others fight.

Candid was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (were he even to rob him, like the captain at Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice.

The skipper was ready in two days. They sailed along the coast of France, and passing within sight of Liscion, Candid trembled. From thence they proceeded to the Streights, entered the Mediterranean, and after a long passage arrived at Venice. God be praised, said Candid, embracing Martin;
here

here I shall see once more my beloved Cunegund. I put as much trust in Cacambo as in myself. All is well, all very well, all as well as possible.



C H A P. XXIV.

Of Paquette and friar Giroflée.

UPON their arrival at Venice, he went to search for Cacambo at every inn and coffee-house, and among all the ladies of pleasure, but to no purpose. He sent every day to inquire what ships were come in. Strange! said he to Martin; that I should have had time to perform a voyage from Surinam to Bourdeaux, to travel from thence to Paris and Dieppe, to pay a visit to Portsmouth, to sail along the coast of Portugal and Spain, and up the Mediterranean, to spend some months at Venice; and that my lovely Cunegund should not be yet arrived. Instead of her, I only met with a Parisian wench, and an abbé of Perigord! Cunegund is certainly dead; and I have nothing more to do but to follow her to her grave. Alas! how much better would it have been for me to have remained in the paradise of Eldorado, than to come back to this cursed Europe? You are in the right, my dear Martin! all is misery and deceit.

He was seized with a deep melancholy, and neither went to see the opera, nor any of the other diversions of the carnival ; nay, he was proof against the charms of the fair-sex. Martin said to him, You are very simple indeed to imagine that a mongrel valet, intrusted with five or six millions, will go in search of your mistress to the other end of the world, and bring her to you to Venice. If he finds her, he will keep her to himself ; if he does not find her, he will get another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your fair Cunegund. Martin's advice was not very consolatory. Candid's melancholy increased ; and Martin continued to prove to him, that there was very little virtue or happiness upon earth, except perhaps in Eldorado, where no body could gain admittance.

While they were disputing on this important subject, and waiting for Cunegund, Candid saw a young Theatin friar in the piazza di St. Marco, holding a girl under his arm. The Theatin looked fresh coloured, plump, and vigorous ; his eyes sparkled ; his air, his gait, was bold and lofty. The girl was very pretty, and was singing a song ; she looked languishingly on her Theatin, and sometimes pinched his fat cheeks. At least you will allow me, said Candid to Martin, that these two are happy : hitherto I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in Eldorado ; but as to this pair, I would venture to lay a wager that they are very happy. I lay you they are not, said Martin. We

need only desire them to dine with us, said Candid, and you will see whether I am mistaken or not.

Immediately he accosts them, and with great complaisance invites them to his inn, to eat some macaroni, with Lombard partridges, and caviare; and to drink some Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus, and Samos wine. The girl blushed, the Theatin accepted the invitation, and she followed him, casting her eyes on Candid with confusion and surprize, and dropping a few tears. No sooner had she set her foot in Candid's apartment, than she cried out; So, Mr. Candid, do not you know Paquette again! Candid had not viewed her as yet with attention, his thoughts being intirely taken up with Cunegund: but recollecting her as she spoke these words, Alas, said he, poor girl, was it you that reduced doctor Pangloss to the sad plight I saw him in?

It was I, sir, indeed, answered Paquette; I find you have heard the whole story. I have been informed of the sad disasters that beset the family of my lady baroness, and the fair Cunegund. My fate, I vow, has been equally cruel. I was very innocent, when you knew me. A Cordelier, my confessor, easily seduced me. The consequences were terrible. I was obliged to quit the castle a little after the baron kicked you out of doors. If a famous surgeon had not taken compassion of me, I must have perished. For some time I was this surgeon's mistress merely out of gratitude. His wife was as jealous as the devil, and used to beat me every day most unmercifully;

fully; she was a very fiend of hell. The surgeon was one of the ugliest men I ever saw in my life, and I the most wretched of women, to be thus continually buffeted and bruised for the sake of a man whom I did not love. You know, sir, what a dangerous thing it is for an ill-natured woman to be married to any of the medical tribe. Incensed at the behaviour of his wife, he one day gave her so effectual a remedy to cure her of a little cold, that she died two hours after, in most horrid convulsions. The wife's relations prosecuted the husband, who was obliged to fly; and I was thrown into jail. My innocence would not have saved me, if I had not been handsome. The judge set me free, on condition of his succeeding the surgeon. I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned out of doors quite destitute, and obliged to continue this abominable trade; which appears so pleasant to you men, while to us women, it is the utmost pitch of misery. At length I came to follow the business at Venice. Ah! sir, if you did but know what it is to be obliged to lie with every fellow, with old merchants, with counsellors, monks, watermen, and abbés; to be exposed to all their abuse and insolence; to be often necessitated to borrow a petticoat, only to gratify the lust of a disagreeable rascal; to be robbed by one gallant of what we have earned of the other; to be subject to the extortions of civil-magistrates; and to have in prospect the frightful scene of old age, an hospital, or a dunghill; you would con-

clude, that I am one of the most unhappy wretches upon earth.

Thus did Paquette open her mind to honest Candid, in his closet, in the presence of Martin, who took occasion to say to him, You see I have won one half the wager.

Friar Giroflée staid in the parlour, and drank a glass or two of wine while he was waiting for dinner. But, said Candid to Paquette, you looked so gay and content when I met you ; you sung, and you behaved so lovingly to the Theatin, that you seemed to me as happy, as you pretend to be now the reverse. Ah ! sir, answered Paquette, this is one of the miseries of the trade. Yesterday I was robbed and abused by an officer ; yet to day I must put on a good humour to please a friar.

Candid wanted no more to be convinced ; he owned that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatin ; the repast was entertaining ; and towards the end, they conversed with all the ease and freedom in the world. Father, said Candid to the friar, you seem to me to enjoy a state of happiness, that even kings might envy ; your countenance is the picture of health and jollity ; you have a very pretty girl to divert you ; and you appear to be well satisfied with your condition as a Theatin.

Faith, sir, said friar Giroflée, I heartily wish that all the Theatins were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a thousand times to set fire to the

con-

convent, and to go and turn Turk. My parents obliged me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this detestable habit, only to increase the fortune of a cursed elder brother of mine, whom God confound. Jealousy, discord, and fury, reside in our convent. It is true, I have preached a few paltry sermons, whereby I got a little money, part of which the prior robs me of, and the other helps to pay for my girls; but at night, when I go home to my convent, I am ready to dash my brains against the walls of the dormitory; and this is the very case with all the fraternity.

Martin turning towards Candid with his usual coolness, said, Well, what do you think? have I won the wager? Candid gave two thousand piasters to Paquette, and a thousand to friar Giroflée, saying, I'll answer now, that this will make them happy. I believe no such thing, said Martin; perhaps this money will only render them more wretched. Be that as it may, said Candid: but one thing consoles me; I see that we often meet with those whom we expected never to see more; so that perhaps, as I have found my red sheep and Paquette, it may be my good fortune to meet also with Cunegund. I wish, said Martin, she may one day make you happy; but I doubt it very much. You are very hard of belief, said Candid: it is because, answered Martin, I know something of life.

You see those watermen, said Candid: are not they perpetually singing? You do not see them, said

Martin, at home, with their wives and brats. The doge has his chagrins, the watermen theirs. Not but I believe that upon the whole, the waterman's life is preferable to that of a doge; however, I look upon the difference as so trifling, that it is not worth the trouble of examining.

People talk, said Candid, of the senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine palace on the Brenta, where he entertains foreigners in the most polite manner. They pretend that this man never felt any uneasiness. I should be glad to see so extraordinary a phenomenon, said Martin. On which Candid sent his compliments to the senator, desiring leave to wait upon him the next day.

C H A P. XXV.

Candid and Martin pay a visit to the senator Pococurante, a noble Venetian.

C A N D I D and Martin went in a gondola on the Br nta, and arrived at the palace of the noble signor Pococurante. The gardens were laid out in taste, and adorned with fine marble statues; the palace was built according to the most regular architecture. The master of the house was a man of sixty, and very rich: he received the two travellers with a polite indifference; which put Candid a little out of countenance, but was not at all disagreeable to Martin. The

The first thing they saw, was two pretty girls, very neatly dressed, who served them with chocolate, which was frothed extremely well. Candid could not help commending their beauty, grace, and address: the creatures are well enough, said the senator; I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am tired of the town-ladies; I am tired of their coquetry, their jealousy, their quarrels, their humours, their monkey-tricks, their pride, their folly; I am tired of making sonnets, or of ordering sonnets to be made for them: but after all, these two girls begin to grow tiresome to me.

After breakfast, Candid walked into a long gallery, where he was struck with the fine paintings. He asked, by what master were the two first? They are by Raphael, said the senator; I bought them at a monstrous price some years ago, merely out of vanity; they are said to be the finest things in Italy, but they do not please me at all; the colours are dead, the figures not finished, nor do they appear with *relief* enough; the drapery is very bad. In short, let people say what they will, I do not look upon it as a true imitation of nature. I approve of no drawing, except where I think I see nature itself; and there are none of this sort: I have a great many pictures, but I take no manner of notice of them.

While they were waiting for dinner, Pococurante ordered a concert. Candid praised the music to the

the skies : this noise, said the senator, may amuse one for half an hour ; but if it was to last longer, it would grow tiresome to every body, though they durst not own it. Music is become the art of executing difficulties ; now whatever is difficult, cannot be long pleasing.

Perhaps I should be sonder of an opera, if they had not made such a monster of it, as really shocks me. Let who will go to see wretched tragedies set to music, where the scenes are contrived for no other end than to introduce preposterously three or four ridiculous songs, which set off the pipe of an actress. Let who will, or who can, die away with pleasure, at the sight of an eunuch quavering the majestic part of Cæsar, or a Cato, and awkwardly strutting along the stage : for my part, I have long ago renounced those poultry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are so dearly purchased by sovereigns. Candid disputed the point, but discreetly ; Martin was entirely of the senator's opinion.

They sat down to dinner ; and after they had been elegantly entertained, they retired to the library. Candid spying a Homer richly bound, commended Illustrissimo's taste. There, said he, is a book, that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany. He is no favourite of mine, answered the Pococurante very coolly ; they used heretofore to make me believe that I took a pleasure in reading him. But that

continual repetition of battles, so extremely like one another ; those gods that are always bustling, without coming to any decisive blow ; that Helen, who is the fire-brand of the war, and yet hardly acts a single character in the whole performance ; that Troy, which sustains so long a siege without being taken ; all this together used to render the poem very insipid to me. I have asked some learned men whether they were not as much tired as myself with reading that poet ? Those who were sincere, have frankly acknowledged to me that he made them fall asleep ; and yet it was proper to have him in their library, as an ancient monument, or like those rusty medals which are no longer of use in commerce.

But your excellency, said Candid, does not form the same opinion of Virgil ? I grant, said the senator, that the second, fourth, and sixth book of the *Æneid* are excellent : but as for his pious *Æneas*, his strong *Cloanthus*, his friend *Achates*, his little *Ascanius*, his silly king *Latinus*, his burgesse *Amata*, his insipid *Lavinia*, I think there can be nothing more flat and disagreeable. I prefer *Tasso* a good deal ; or even the soporiferous tales of *Ariosto*.

May I presume to ask you, sir, said Candid, whether you do not receive a great deal of pleasure from reading *Horace* ? There are maxims in this writer, answered *Pocourante*, from which a man of the world may reap great benefit ; and being comprized in laconic verse, they are more easily imprinted in the memory. But I set very little value upon his journey

journey to Brundisium, and his account of a bad dinner, or on his dirty low quarrel between one Rupilius, whose words, he says, were full of poisonous filth, and another, whose language was imbued with vinegar. I have been very much offended with his indelicate verses against old women and witches; nor do I see any merit in telling his friend Mæcenas, that if he will but rank him in the choir of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Fools are apt to admire every thing in an author of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself; I like nothing but what makes for my purpose. Candid having been educated with a notion of never judging for himself, was very much surprized at what he heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reason in Pococurante's remarks.

O! here is Tully, says Candid; here is the great man, whom I fancy you are never tired of reading. I never read him at all, replied the Venetian. What is it to me, whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself: his philosophical works seem to me better; but when I found that he doubted of every thing, I concluded that I knew as much as he, and that I had no need of a guide to learn ignorance.

Ha! here are fourscore volumes, cried Martin, of the academy of sciences; perhaps there is something valuable in this collection. There might, said Pococurante, if only one of those rakers of rubbish had shewn how to make pine: but

but in all those voluminous pieces, there is nothing but chimerical systems, and not one single article conducive to real use.

What a number of theatrical performances do I behold, said Candid, in Italian, Spanish, and French ! Yes, replied the senator, there are three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for any thing. As to those huge volumes of theology, and those collections of sermons, which all together are not worth a single page of Seneca, you may well imagine, that neither myself nor any body else ever opens them.

Martin saw some shelves filled with English books. I have a notion, said he, that a republican must be vastly pleased with most of these books, which are written with a spirit of freedom : yes, answered Pococurante, it is noble to write as one thinks ; this is the privilege of humanity. All over Italy we write only what we do not think ; so that they who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antoninus's, dare not acquire a single idea, without the permission of a Dominican friar. I should be pleased with the liberty of the English nation, if the good effects of it were not entirely frustrated by passion and the spirit of party.

Candid observing a Milton, asked whether he did not look upon this author as a great man ? Who ? said Pococurante, that barbarian, who writes a long commentary in ten books of rough verse on the first chapter of Genesis ; that coarse imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, by making the
Messiah

Messiah take a pair of compasses from the armoury of heaven to circumscribe this world, whereas Moses represents the Eternal producing the universe by his word? How can I have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil; who transforms Lucifer, sometimes into a toad, and other times into a pigmy; who makes him repeat the same things a hundred times; who turns him into a school divine; who, by a serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of fire arms, represents the devils cannonading in heaven? Neither I, nor any man in Italy, could take pleasure in those melancholy reveries: but the marriage of sin and death, and the snakes brought forth by sin, are enough to turn any person's stomach, that has the least delicacy of taste. This obscure, whimsical, and disagreeable poem, was despised upon its first publication: and I only treat the author now, as he was treated in his own country by his cotemporaries. You are to observe, I say, what I think; but I trouble my head very little, whether others think with me or not.

Candid was grieved at this speech, for he had a respect for Homer, and was fond of Milton. Alas! said he softly to Martin, I am afraid this man holds our German poets in very great contempt. There would not be much harm in that, answered Martin. O, what a surprizing man! continued Candid to mumble to himself: what a great genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him.

After

After having taken a survey of the library, they went down into the garden; where Candid commended its several beauties. I know nothing upon earth laid out in so bad a taste, said the master; all you see is childish and trifling: but I shall have another laid out to-morrow, upon a nobler plan.

As soon as the two travellers had taken leave of his excellency; Well, said Candid to Martin, you will agree that this is the happiest of mortals; for he is above every thing he possesses. But do not you see, answered Martin, that he has taken a dislike to every thing he possesses? Plato observed a long while ago, that the best stomachs are not those which reject all sorts of aliments. But is there not a pleasure, said Candid, in criticising every thing? in pointing out faults, where others fancy nothing but beauties? That is, replied Martin, there is a pleasure in having no pleasure. Well, well, said Candid, I find that I shall be the only happy man, when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegund. You are in the right to hope, said Martin.

Yet days and weeks passed away, and no news of Cacambo; mean while Candid was so overwhelmed with grief, that he did not reflect on the behaviour of Paquette and friar Giroflée, who never so much as returned to give him thanks.

How Candid and Martin supped with six strangers, and who they were.

ONE evening that Candid and Martin were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners, who lodged in the same inn, a man, whose complexion was as black as foot, came behind Candid, and taking him by the arm, said, Get yourself ready to go along with us; do not fail. Upon this he turns about, and sees Cacambo. Nothing but the presence of Cunegund could have surprized or pleased him more. He was just ready to run mad for joy. After he had embraced his dear friend, Cunegund is come with you, said he, to be sure; where is she? Carry me to her, that I may die with joy in her company. Cunegund is not here, answered Cacambo, she is at Constantinople. O heavens! at Constantinople! But if she was in China, I'll fly thither, let's be gone, quick. We shall set out, after supper, replied Cacambo; I can say no more to you; I am a slave, my master waits for me, I must attend him at table, do not say a word, eat your supper, and get ready.

Candid felt himself distracted between grief and pain; on the one hand, he was charmed to see his faithful agent; and on the other, he was surprized to behold him in servitude: in this fluctuation of thought, his heart palpitating, his understanding confused, but firmly hoping to recover his dear Cunegund, he

he sat down to table along with Martin, who saw all these scenes quite unconcerned, and with six strangers who were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers; towards the end of the entertainment he drew near his master, and whispered him in the ear; Sire, your majesty may go when you please, the vessel is ready. On saying these words he went out. The company in great surprize looked at one another without speaking a word, when another domestic approached his master, and said to him, Sire, your majesty's chaise is at Padua, and the boat is ready. The master gave a nod, and the servant went away. The company all stared at one another again, for their surprize was greatly increased. A third valet came up to a third stranger; saying, Sire, depend upon it, your majesty ought not to stay here any longer, I am going to get every thing ready; and immediately he disappeared.

Candid and Martin made no manner of doubt but this was a masquerade of the carnival. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth master, Your majesty may depart whenever you please; and saying this he went away like the rest. The fifth valet said the same to the fifth master. But the sixth valet spoke in a different strain to the sixth stranger, who sat near to Candid; his words were; Faith, sir, they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither, and we may

both

L-2

both of us chance to be sent to jail this very night; therefore I will take care of myself. Adieu.

The servants being all gone, the six strangers, with Candid and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candid said, Gentlemen, this is a very good joke indeed; but why should you be all kings? For my part I own to you that neither Martin nor I have any kingdoms.

Caçambo's master then gravely answered in Italian, I am not at all joking; my name is Achmet III. I was grand seignor a great many years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; my vizirs were beheaded; and I am condemned to end my days in the old Seraglio. My nephew the great sultan Mahmoud permits me to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

A young man, who sat next to Achmet, spoke then as follows: My name is Ivan. I was once emperor of all the Russias; but was dethroned in my cradle: my parents were confined; and I was educated in prison: yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, in company with persons who act as guards; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The third said: I am Charles-Edward, king of England; my father has resigned all his regal rights to me. I have fought in defence of them; and above eight hundred of my adherents have been hanged, drawn, and quartered. I have myself been confined

finer in prison : I am going to Rome, to pay a visit to the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself and my grandfather, and am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fourth spoke thus in his turn : I am the king of Poland ; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions ; my father underwent the same vicissitudes ; I resign myself to Providence in the same manner as sultan Achmet, the emperor Ivan, and king Charles-Edward, whom God long preserve ; and I am come to the carnival at Venice.

The fifth said : I am king of Poland also ; I have been twice dethroned ; but Providence has given me another country, where I have done more good, than all the Sarmatian kings were ever capable of doing on the banks of the Vistula : I resign myself likewise to Providence, and am come to pass the carnival at Venice.

It was now the sixth's monarch turn to speak. Gentlemen, said he, I am not so great a prince as any of you ; however I am a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica ; I had the title of majesty, and now I am hardly treated as a gentleman. I have coined money ; and now am not worth a farthing ; I have had two secretaries of state, and now I have scarce a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that I have for some time laid upon straw in a common jail in London. I am afraid I shall meet with the same treatment in

Venice, though I am come like your majesties to divert myself at the carnival.

The other five kings listened to this speech with a generous compassion; each of them gave twenty sequins to king Theodore to buy him clothes and linen; and Candid made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand sequins. Who can this private person be, said the five kings to one another, who is able to give, and really has given, a hundred times as much as any of us?

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the carnival at Venice. But Candid took no manner of notice of those new-comers; his thoughts were intirely employed on his voyage to Constantinople, in search of his beloved Cunegund.

C H A P. XXVII.

Candid's voyage to Constantinople.

THE faithful Cacambo had already prevailed with the Turkish captain, to take Candid and Martin on board his ship, which was to reconduct sultan Achmet to Constantinople. They both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As Candid was on his way, he said to Martin, You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and out of those six there was one to whom I gave charity. Perhaps there are a great many other princes more unfortunate still. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep; and now I am flying into Cunegund's arms. My dear Martin, once more I must say it, Pangloss was in the right, every thing is for the best. I wish it, answered Martin. But, says Candid, it was a very strange adventure we met with at Venice. There never was an instance, for six dethroned kings to sup together at a public inn. This is not more extraordinary, said Martin, than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honour we have had to sup in their company, there is nothing in it; it is a trifle, not worth our attention.

No sooner had Candid got on board the vessel, than he flew to his old valet and friend Cacambo, and tenderly embraced him. Well, said he, what

news of Cunegund? Is she still as beautiful as ever? Does she love me still? How does she do? No doubt but you purchased a palace for her at Constantinople?

My dear master, answered Cacambo, Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the service of a prince, who has very few dishes to wash; she is a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign, named Ragotsky, to whom the grand seignor allows three crowns a day in his exile. But what is worst of all, she has lost her beauty, and is grown confounded ugly. Well! handsome or ugly, replied Candid, I am a man of honour, and it is my duty to love her still. But in the name of wonder, how came she to be reduced to so abject a state, with the five or six millions that you carried to her? Ah! said Cacambo, was not I to give two millions to signor Don Fernando d'Ibara, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, governor of Buenos-Ayres, for permitting miss Cunegund to come away? And did not a Corsair bravely rob us of all the rest? Did not this Corsair carry us to cape de Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegund and the old woman are servants to the prince I now mentioned to you; and as for myself, I am slave to the dethroned sultan. What a chain of shocking calamities! cried Candid. But after all, I have some diamonds left, and I may easily pay Cunegund's ransom. Yet it is pity she is grown so ugly.

Then

Then turning towards Martin, Who do you think, says he, is most to be pitied, the emperor Achmet, the emperor Ivan, king Charles-Edward, or I? How should I know! answered Martin; I must see into your breasts, to be able to tell. Ah! said Candid, if Pangloss was here, he could tell. I know not, said Martin, in what sort of scales your Pangloss would weigh the misfortunes of mankind, and set a just estimate on their sorrows. All that I can venture to say, is, that there are millions of people upon earth, whose case is harder a hundred times, than that of king Charles-Edward, the emperor Ivan, or the sultan Achmet. That may be, said Candid.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and Candid began with paying a very high ransom for Cacambo: then without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search for his Cunegund; on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding her deformity.

Among the crew, there were two slaves who rowed very ill, and to whose bare shoulders the captain would now and then apply a bull's pizzle. Candid, from a natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew towards them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, seemed to resemble those of Pangloss, and the unhappy Jesuit and Westphalian baron, brother of miss Cunegund. This idea made him melancholy. He looked at them again more attentively. Indeed, said he to Cacambo, if I had

had not been present when master Pangloss was hanged, and if I had not been so unfortunate as to kill the baron myself, I should think it was they that were rowing.

Upon mentioning the name of the baron and Pangloss, the two galley-slaves gave a loud shriek, held fast by the seat, and let drop their oars. The captain ran up to them, and applied the bull's pizzle harder than ever. Hold your hand, hold your hand, sir, cried Candid, I will give you what money you please. Lord! it is Candid! said one of the slaves: Lord! it is Candid! said the other. Do I dream? said Candid; am I awake? or am I on board a galley? is this the baron, whom I killed? is this master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged?

It is we, it is we, answered they. Well! is this the great philosopher? said Martin. Harkee, captain, said Candid, what ransom will you take for monsieur de Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the principal barons of the empire; and for monsieur Pangloss, the profoundest metaphysician in Germany? You Christian dog, answered the captain, since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, which I make no doubt but are a high dignity in their country, you shall give me fifty thousand zequins. You shall have them, sir; carry me back this minute to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money directly. No, carry me first to miss Cunegund. But upon the first proposal

posals made by Candid, the captain had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid embraced the baron and Pangloss a hundred times. And how happened it, my dear baron, that I did not kill you? and my dear Pangloss, how came you to life again, after being hanged? and what has made both of you slaves in a Turkish galley? And is it true that my dear sister is in this country? said the baron. Yes, answered Cacambo. Then I behold once more my dear Candid, cried Pangloss. Candid presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all spoke at the same time. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to the port. Instantly Candid sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for a thousand sequins, a diamond worth a hundred thousand; though the fellow swore to him by Abraham, that he could give him no more. He immediately laid down the ransom for the baron and for Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed them with his tears; the former thanked him with a nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. But is it possible, said he, that my sister should be in Turkey? Nothing is more possible, answered Cacambo, for she scours the dishes in the service of a Transylvanian prince. Candid sent directly for two Jews, and sold them some more diamonds; and then they all set out together in another galley, to deliver Cunegund from slavery.

C H A P. XXVIII.

*What happened to Candid, Cunegund, Pangloss, and
Martin, &c.*

I Ask your pardon once more, said Candid to the baron; your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body. Say no more about it, answered the baron, I was a little too hasty I own; but since you want to know by what fatality I came to be a galley-slave, I will inform you. After I had been cured of the wound you gave me, by the apothecary of the college, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who confined me in prison at Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been eight days in this employment, when one evening I met with a young Ichoglan, who was a very handsome fellow. The weather was warm, the young man wanted to bathe, and I took this opportunity to bathe also. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Musselman. I was carried before a cadi, who ordered me a hundred bastinados, and condemned me to the galleys. I do not think there ever was a greater act of injustice. But I should be glad to know in what manner my sister came to be scullion to a Transylvanian

Transylvanian prince, who has taken shelter among the Turks!

But you, my dear Pangloss, said Candid, how came my eyes, to be so fortunate as to behold you again? It is true, said Pangloss, you saw me hanged; I should have been burnt, but you may remember it rained exceeding hard, when they were going to roast me; the storm was so violent, that they despaired of lighting the fire; so I was hanged, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and dissected me. He began with making a crucial incision on me from the umbilicus to the clavicle. It was impossible for a man to have been hanged in a more scurvy manner than I was. The executioner of the holy inquisition was a subdeacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but he was not accustomed to hanging; the cord being wet did not slip properly, and besides the noose was not well tied; in short, I still drew my breath, when the crucial incision made me give such a frightful scream, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back, and imagining he had been dissecting the devil, he ran away, and tumbled down stairs in the fright. His wife hearing the noise, flew from the next room; seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, she was seized with a greater trepidation than her husband, and betaking herself to flight, she tumbled over him. When they came to themselves a little, I overheard the wife say to her husband, My dear, how could you take it into your head to

dissect a heretic? Do not you know that those people have always the devil in their bodies? I will go and fetch a priest this minute to exorcise him. At this proposal I shuddered, and mustering up what little strength I had still remaining, I cried out aloud, Have mercy on me! At length the Portuguese barber plucked up his spirits, and sowed up my wound; the wife nursed me; and I was upon my legs again in fifteen days. The barber got me to be lackey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice: but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

One day I took it into my head to step into a mosque, where I saw only an old Iman, and a very pretty young devotee, who was saying her paternosters: her breast was uncovered, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, wind-flowers, ranunculas, hyacinths, and auriculas: she let drop her nosegay; I took it up immediately, and presented it to her with the most profound reverence. I was so long in delivering it, that the Iman began to be angry; and seeing I was a Christian, he cried out for help. They carried me before the cadì, who ordered me a hundred bastinado's, and sent me to the galleys. I was chained to the very same galley, and the same bench with the baron. On board this galley there were four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures

adventures happened daily. The baron pretended that he had undergone a more unjust treatment than myself; and I insisted, that it was far more innocent to take up a nosegay, and place it again on a woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with an Ichoglan. We were continually disputing, and received twenty lashes a day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley, and you was so good as to ransom us from slavery.

Well, my dear Pangloss, said Candid to him, when you was hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you always think that every thing in this world happens for the best? I am still of my first opinion, answered Pangloss; for after all, I am a philosopher, and it does not become me to retract; especially as Leibnitz could never be in the wrong; and besides, the pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, and so is his *plenum* and *materia subtilis*.

Now Candid found Cunegund and the old woman again.

WHILE Candid, the baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo, were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of the universe; on effects and causes; on moral and physical evil; on liberty and necessity, and on the comforts a slave may feel on board a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the banks of the Propontis. The first thing they saw was Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging up napkins to dry.

The baron grew pale at this sight. Even Candid, the tender lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund thus changed into a tawny Moor, with blear eyes, withered neck, wrinkled face, and red scaly arms, was greatly shocked and drew back; but advanced afterwards out of good manners. She embraced Candid and her brother; they embraced the old woman; and Candid ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood, which the old woman proposed to Candid to make a shift with, till the company could be provided for in a better manner. Cunegund did not know she was grown ugly, for nobody had told her of it: and now she reminded Candid of his promise in so positive a tone, that the good man durst not refuse her.

her. He therefore intimated to the baron, that he would shortly marry his sister. I will not suffer, said the baron, such meanness on her part, and such insolence on yours: I shall never have it said to me by way of reproach, that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany. No; my sister shall never marry any person lower than a baron of the empire. Cunegund flung herself at his feet, and bedewed them with her tears; still he was inflexible. Thou foolish fellow, said Candid, I have delivered thee out of the galleys, I have paid thy ransom, and thy sister's also; she was a scullion, and is very ugly, yet I am so condescending as to marry her; and dost thou pretend to oppose the match? I should kill thee again, were I only to consult my anger. Thou may'st kill me again, said the baron, but thou shalt not marry my sister, at least while I am living.

C H A P. XXX.

The C O N C L U S I O N.

CANDID in his own mind had no great desire to marry Cunegund. But the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund on the other hand pressed him so hard, that he could not go back from his word. However, he consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up an excellent memorial, wherein he proved that the baron had no right over his sister, and that, according to the laws of the empire, she might marry Candid with her left hand. Martin was for throwing the baron into the sea; Cacambo determined it would be better to deliver him up again to the captain of the galley, with directions to send him by the first ship to the general of the order at Rome. The advice was well received, the old woman approved of it; they said not a word to his sister; the thing was executed for a little money, and they had the pleasure of entrapping a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It is natural to imagine, that Candid, after such vicissitudes of life, being now married to the woman he had long adored, and living under the same roof with the philosophers Pangloss and Martin, the prudent Cacambo and the old woman, and especially as he had brought so many diamonds with him from

the

the country of the ancient Incas, must have led a very happy life. But he was so greatly imposed upon by the Jews, that he had nothing left except his small farm; his wife grew uglier every day, and was withal grown intolerably peevish; the old woman was infirm, and even more fretful and ill-humoured than Cune-gund herself. Cacambo worked in the garden, and carried legumes to Constantinople; but fatigued with the drudgery, he often cursed his hard fate. Pangloss was ready to despair, because he did not make a figure in some German university. As to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that it would fare with him as ill any where else; so that he took things patiently. Candid, Martin, and Pangloss, sometimes disputed about morality and metaphysics. They often saw under the farm windows boats full of effendis, bashaws, and cadis, who were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene, or Erzerum. And they saw other cadis, bashaws, and effendis, coming to supply the place of the exiles, and afterwards exiled in their turn. They saw heads decently impaled, which were to be presented to the sublime port. Such spectacles as these increased the number of their dissertations; and when they did not dispute, time hung so heavy upon their hands, that one day the old woman ventured to say to them: I want to know which is worse, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an Auto-da-fé, to be dis-

NOV 1 fected,

sected, to be a galley-slave; in short, to go through all the miseries that we have undergone, or to stay here and have nothing to do? It is a very difficult question, said Candid.

This discourse gave rise to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded, that man was born to live either in a state of distracting inquietude, or of lethargic disgust. Candid did not quite agree to that, but he affirmed nothing. Pangloss owned that he had gone through a terrible deal of hardship; but as he had once asserted that every thing went wonderfully well, he still maintained the same opinion, though he did not believe it to be true.

What helped to confirm Martin in his detestable principles, to stagger Candid more than ever, and to puzzle Pangloss, was, that one day they saw Paquette and friar Giroflée land at the farm in the greatest misery imaginable. They soon squandered their three thousand piastres, parted, were reconciled, quarrelled again, were thrown into jail, had made their escape, and friar Giroflée at length had turned Turk. Paquette continued her trade, wherever she went, but made nothing of it. I foresaw it, said Martin to Candid, that your presents would soon be squandered away, and only make them more miserable. You have rolled in millions of money, you and Cacambo; and yet you are not happier than friar Giroflée, and Paquette. Ha! said Pangloss to Paquette, providence has then brought you amongst us again, my poor child! do you know that
you

you cost me the tip of my nose, an eye, and an ear, as you may see you have? What a world is this! And now this new adventure engaged them to philosophize more than ever.

In the neighbourhood lived a very famous dervis, who was esteemed the best philosopher in all Turkey, and him they went to consult. Pangloss was the speaker: Master, said he, we are come to beg you will let us know for what end so strange an animal as man was formed?

What is that to you? answered the dervis; is it any business of thine? But reverend father, said Candid, there is a vast deal of evil in this world. What signifies it, said the dervis, whether there be good or evil? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head, whether the rats on board are at their ease or not? What then must we do? said Pangloss. Hold your tongue, answered the dervis. I was in hopes, said Pangloss, that I should reason with you a little about causes and effects, about the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony. At these words the Dervis shut the door in their face.

During this conversation, the news was spread that two vizirs, and the muphti, had been strangled at Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candid, and Martin, returning to the little farm, saw a good looking old man taking the fresh air at his door under an orange-bower.

bower. Pangloss, whose curiosity was equal to his philosophy, asked the old man, what was the name of the strangled muphti? I do not know, answered the good man; and what's more, I never knew the name of any muphti, or of any vizir. I am entirely ignorant of the event you have been mentioning; I presume in general that they who meddle with the administration of public affairs, die sometimes miserably, and that they deserve it: but I never trouble my head about what is transacting at Constantinople. I content myself with sending my fruits thither, the produce of my gardens, which I cultivate with my own hands. He had no sooner said these words, than he invited the strangers into his house: his two sons and two daughters presented them with several sorts of sherbets, which they made themselves, besides Caymac enriched with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, ananas, pistachio nuts, and Mocho coffee, unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia, or the American islands. After which the two daughters of the honest Mussulman perfumed the strangers' beards.

You must have a very fine estate, said Candid to the Turk: I have no more than twenty acres of land, answered the old man; I cultivate the whole myself, with the help of my children; and our labour preserves us from three great evils, idleness, vice, and want.

Candid in his way home made profound reflections on the old man's conversation. This honest Turk, said

said he to Pangloss and Martin, seems to be in a situation preferable to that of the six kings, with whom we had the the honour of supping. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is extremely precarious, according to the testimony of philosophers. For, in short, Eglon king of Moab was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by the hair of the head, and pierced through with three darts. King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasa; king Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity. You know what was the fate of Cræsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perfes, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry VI. Richard III. Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I. the three Henries of France, the emperor Henry IVth? You know I know also, said Candid, that we must take care of our garden: you are in the right, said Pangloss; for when our first parent was placed in the garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum*, to cultivate it; which shews that man was not born to be idle. Let us work, said Martin, without disputing, it is the only way to render life tolerable.

Hereupon the whole society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities. Their little piece of ground produced them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became

